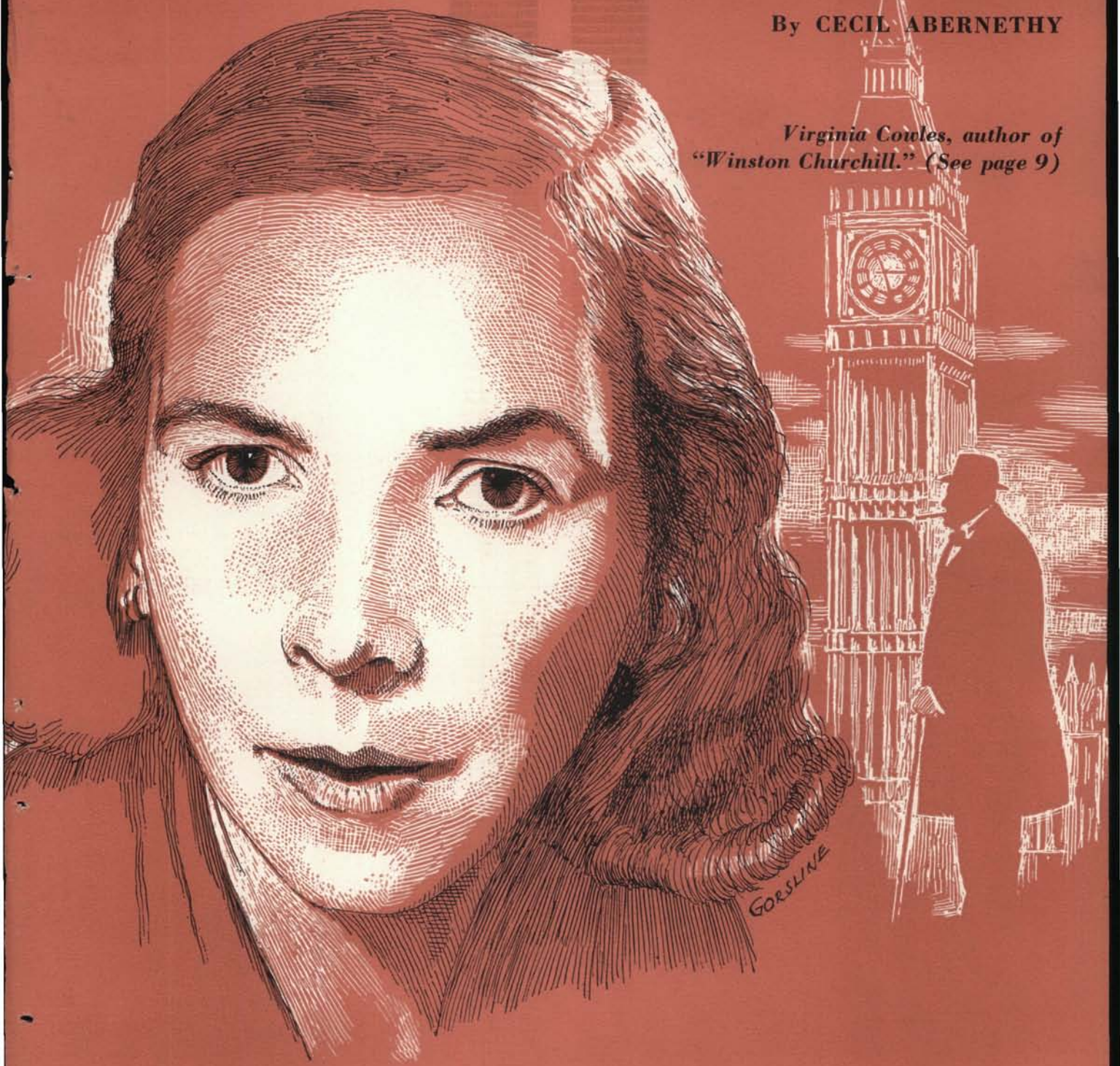
Saturday Review

MAY 30, 1953 / 20¢

MR. PEPYS GOES TO THE CORONATION

By CECIL ABERNETHY

Virginia Cowles, author of "Winston Churchill." *(See page 9)*



WINNERS IN THE "ENIGMA" CONTEST (See Recordings, page 45)

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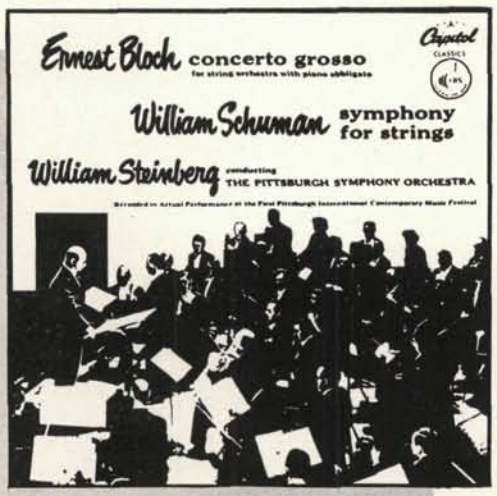
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Magic for Moderns

By Thurman Price

At first sight, the number of things to which the modern magic of American mass production can be applied seems limited. But the scope of a wand is wider than one would think.

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The Saturday Review

MAY 30, 1953

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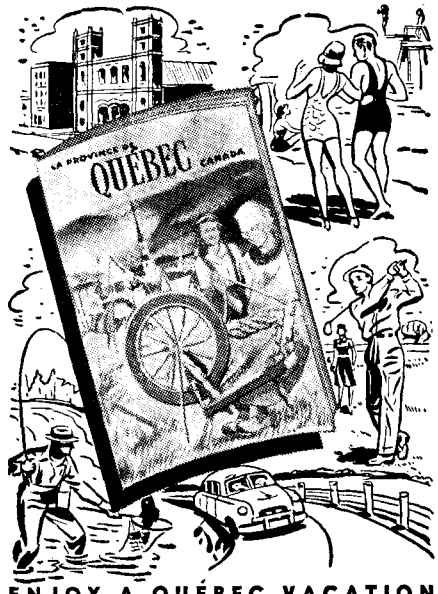

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TRADE Winds

THE MOST VALUABLE ADDITION to my reference library this year is the 792-page "Encyclopedia of American History" (Harper), edited by Richard B. Morris, with an assist from the ubiquitous Henry Steele Commager. Typical of the miscellaneous fund of data crammed into its pages is a list of the fourteen biggest song hits of the past sixty years. Think you can name them? If Mr. Morris's list is indeed correct (and maybe there's a music publisher in the house who'd like to

take issue with him) I certainly was away off base! Here it is: "The Sidewalks of New York" (1894), "Stars and Stripes Forever" (1897), "Sweet Adeline" (1903), "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" (1908), "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" (1910), "End of a Perfect Day" (1910), "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" (1912), "St. Louis Blues" (1914), "Dinah" (1925), "Ol' Man River" (1927), "Star Dust" (1929), "Easter Parade" (1933), "God Bless America" (1939), and "White Christmas" (1942) . . . The eminent tune detective, Dr. Sig Spaeth, will now tell us the derivation of the songs listed!

THE DENIZENS OF TIN PAN ALLEY, of course, speak a language all their own, and Arnold Shaw, author of "The Money Song," volunteers a bit of interpretation. A "curve" is a plug promised by a performer that is not delivered. "Out of left field" is a song that breaks unexpectedly into the hit bracket. The "payola" is the pay-off for a plug; "cuffo" means for free; "hot stove" is an open bribe; and "the third rail" is a restaurant tab (the sucker who finally picks it up getting a shock). What every music publisher dreams of is a "rocking-chair hit"—the kind of money song that clicks all by itself, while the happy sponsor sits back in his chair, rocking in "Cloudville."

HOW MANY CHANGES would have been effected in the "Encyclopedia of American History" had Wendell Willkie not died on what seemed to be the very threshold of greatness nine years ago? A group of writers spent an interesting, if rueful, hour discussing that theme the other day at luncheon. Frank Sullivan had a story about the late John Drew that is decidedly apropos. The distinguished actor entered the Players Club in New York one noontime and saw upon the bulletin board the traditional black-bordered card announcing the death of a member. He put on his glasses to read the name. It was one of his oldest friends. Mr. Drew walked sadly away murmuring, "The wrong one! It's always the wrong one!"

TWO BOOKS that will give you a fresh insight into the monkeyshines afoot behind the Iron Curtain are Frank Morae's "Report on Mao's China," just published by Macmillan, and Robert Magidoff's "The Kremlin vs. the People," scheduled by Doubleday for June 4. Morae is one of the prominent Indians invited last year to China by Mao Tse-tung for a five-week tour of that sorely beset nation—and he certainly kept his eyes open! Magidoff is the NBC correspondent who was expelled from the Soviet capital in 1948 on trumped-up spy charges. Later Ambassador Bedell Smith was able to rescue Magidoff's lovely Russian-born wife from the country. She now lectures in America under the auspices of Lee Keedick. . . . New heads of S. and S. publicity are Larry Vinick and Joan Eisner, working under the direction of M. Lincoln Schuster, back from a series of discussions with the Aga Khan. . . .

POISED FOR FLIGHT to S. and S.: P. G. Wodehouse; to Doubleday: Jerome Weidman and Georges Simenon; to Houghton Mifflin: A. B. Guthrie, Jr. . . . Scribnerites who have read Alan

Paton's new manuscript (tentative title: "Too Late Phalarope") report gleefully that it's even better than "Cry, the Beloved Country." The BOMC judges grabbed it at sight. . . . Pellegrini and Cudahy are no more; the firm has been swallowed whole by Farrar, Straus, and Young, with capable Sheila Cudahy becoming an

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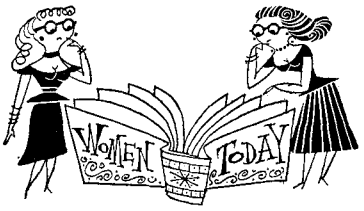
executive editor of the new combine. P. and C.'s outstanding authors were Giovanni Guareschi, creator of Don Camillo, and François Mauriac, who won the 1952 Nobel Award. . . . Grove Patterson, of the *Toledo Blade,* says a professor at the State University is



dieting frantically. He's determined to win the Nobelly Award for 1953. . . . Want to know more about the modern female's "conflicts, frustrations, and fulfilments"? Bobbs-Merrill's "Women Today" has all the answers—well, some of them, anyhow. Contributors include Margaret Mead, I. A. R. Wylie, Agnes Rogers, and Margaret Culkin Banning. . . .

APPLETON-CENTURY is excited over Audrey Erskine Lindop's "The Singer Not the Song," an English importation that will be Literary Guilded in July. . . . Lippincott has just ordered a new printing (the forty-seventh!) of a novel that will bring back a lot of memories to you fifty-year-olds: "Beau Geste" by P. C. Wren. . . . Fifty, of course, is nothing to Bruce Rogers, hale and hearty at eighty-three, who traveled all the way from Danbury to tell me about a woman who enters a bank, (1) greets the cashier, (2) declares she's in the bank's debt, (3) gives him the money, (4) says goodbye, and (5) is grabbed at the door when the cashier shouts that her money is counterfeit—all in characters from Shakespeare: Otello, Cassio, Desdemona, Iago, and Ceasar. . . . Don't shoot, boys: B. R. is still a great typographer.

HY GARDNER NOTES that Herman Hickman's upcoming book will be called "My First Three Hundred Pounds," which leaves plenty over for a sequel. . . . Peter Windsor is opening a patio-type motel for itinerant

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TO THE MAIDEN IN THE EAST

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And that the zephyrs brought
Thy kindest wishes through,
As mine they bear to you. . . .
Whatever path I take,
It shall be for thy sake—
Of gentle slope and wide,
As thou wert by my side.

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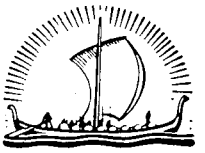

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by Waldemar Kaempffert

Intimate recollections of one Nobel prize-winner by another

"The door is pushed ajar. A man sidles into the shop as a down-and-out slips into the warmth of a church. His eyes are hidden behind the brim of a battered old hat. . . . An unfrocked priest perhaps?" Rather it is André Gide—the man of singular, irritating neuroses, the writer of deep artistic integrity—as he was seen and understood for 30 years by his close friend, Martin du Gard. $2.75

RECOLLECTIONS OF ANDRÉ GIDE
by Roger Martin du Gard

THE VIKING PRESS, 18 East 48th Street, New York 17

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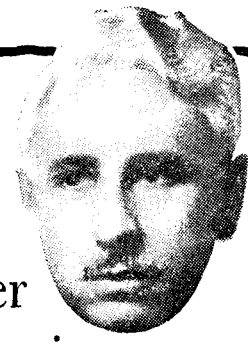

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ALL the world knows Will Durant's *The Story of Philosophy* which has been translated into a dozen languages in Europe and Asia. From the readers of that modern classic have come hundreds of inquiries as to what Dr. Durant himself thinks of those "problems of life and death" which, in his view constitute the meat and drink of philosophy.

In response to this demand, the publishers asked the author to take time out from his monumental seven-part *Story of Civilization* to revise a book which he wrote in 1929 as *The Mansions of Philosophy*. It is therefore now issued in a new and attractive format as **THE PLEASURES OF PHILOSOPHY:** *A Survey of Human Life and Destiny.*

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writing folk. He's going to call it —unless forcibly restrained— "The Walled-off Astoria." . . . *The Saturday Evening Post*'s smash success with the serialization of Bing Crosby's "Call Me Lucky" and Charles Lindbergh's "The Spirit of St. Louis" will undoubtedly be duplicated when the autobiographies appear in book form. Ann Morrow's touch has been recognized by experts in portions of the Lindbergh epic. . . . Betty Williams writes from Louisville to tell me about the kindly, unworldly old Methodist minister who wanted to give each member of his graduating Sunday-school class a suitable, if inexpensive, memento to remember him by. While having a prescription filled at the neighborhood drugstore his eyes fell on a rack of paper-back books. There, like a prayer answered, was a book whose title indicated exactly the sort of thing he had been looking for. Happily he purchased thirty-seven copies of Erskine Caldwell's "God's Little Acre."

ONE OF THE MOST IMPRESSIVE—and exciting—movies I've ever seen is Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," as directed by Joe Mankiewicz, produced for M-G-M by John Houseman, and acted to the hilt by Marlon Brando, James Mason, John Gielgud, and an all-star supporting cast. No color, no trick lenses, no "arty" shots—just a brilliant interpretation of one of the great tragedies of all time. Why M-G-M has held this picture, completed in early winter, for release in midsummer passes my understanding. Even one of the film pioneers of the 1910's in Fort Lee had a better sense of timing than that. A production of Dante's "Inferno," spectacular for its day (it cost over a hundred thousand dollars!), was completed in June, but the producer wisely held it for the fall. As he put it, "Who'd pay to see a hell picture in August?"

INSIDERS ALONG PUBLISHERS' ROW think they have pegged the actual gentleman Florence Jane Soman had in mind when she created her aging, amorous, and utterly charming novelist for "Love Is a Lonely Thing," but Mrs. Soman insists they're balmy. . . . She also contributes the story of the week. Seems a brand-new young bride served her lord and master nothing but a plateful of graham crackers when he came home after a hard day at the office. When he was unable to hide his disappointment she burst into tears. "Oh, Jerry," she wailed, "this isn't the way I planned it at all. But the steak caught on fire and fell into the lemon pie, and I had to throw the tomato soup on them to put it out!"

—BENNETT CERF.

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CORONATION OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
By Command of The Queen
the Earl Marshal is directed to invite
Samuel Pepys Esq
to be present at the Abbey Church of Westminster on the 2nd day of June 1953

MR. PEPYS GOES TO THE CORONATION

By CECIL ABERNETHY

Professor Abernethy, who teaches English at Birmingham-Southern College in Alabama, discusses a coronation 292 years ago attended by the most famous English diarist.

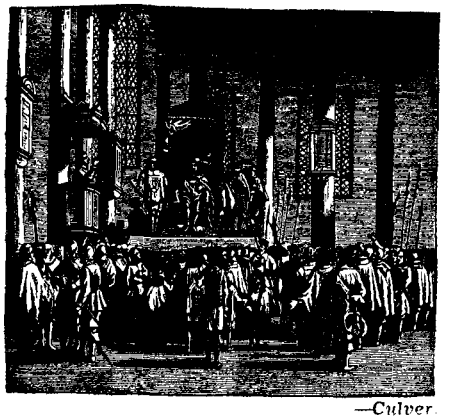
THE best sightseer that I know anything about was Samuel Pepys. He not only had all the talents, he had all the opportunities. When he was twenty-eight years old, in the second year of his diary, he had a chance to see a real coronation. Charles II had been restored to his kingdom on May 29, 1660, after an enforced hiatus of twelve years. Although Charles had in theory been King ever since his father was beheaded in January 1649, nobody in England seemed particularly interested in converting Charles's theory into fact until after Cromwell died in 1658. When Charles was finally brought home after two years of very hush-hush negotiation, everybody was suddenly overcome with a long-repressed devotion to the good old Stuarts and busily pitched in to give him a coronation to end all coronations.

April 22 and 23, 1661, were selected for the coronation days. The year began unseasonably warm and summery. The roads were dusty, flies swarmed everywhere, and the rose bushes were in full leaf. Pepys went to his father's tailoring shop in Salisbury Square and ordered a new suit, with a fine velvet coat, for the coronation. He stopped by at his haberdasher, Mr. Holden, and paid him thirty-five shillings for a beaver hat. He even took his sword, for which he had no earthly use, to have it refurbished for the occasion. His wife, at the thoughtful promptings of Lady Montague, began to shop for her coronation clothes. Horrified at the rapidly mounting outlay of cash, Pepys looked around frantically for extra income.

In mid-February the weather began to change. Heavy rains and bitter cold set in. London workmen, even in the seventeenth century, knew not to wait for fair weather. Scaffolds began to appear along Leadenhall Street. Masons were repairing the great stone steps at Tower Wharf. In Westminster railings were being put up to block off coach traffic from Old Palace Yard. These activities caused considerable confusion in a city already plagued by narrow, winding streets and a tightly congested population of half a million. The citizens, however, were apparently used to the inconveniences of trying to live in a medieval town (the Great Fire was still five years off). They cheerfully cursed the blocked passage and went around another way, after a brief stop to admire the work.

By the first of April all the plans were on schedule, despite the weather, which remained uncooperatively wet. The four triumphal arches which John Ogilby had designed for the parade were nearly completed. The muddy streets were being covered with gravel. Pepys's patron and cousin, Edward Montague, borrowed a thousand pounds to pay for his coronation robes. As the new Earl of Sandwich, Montague was finding a peer's expenses strapping. Pepys at the last minute came by sixty pounds in time to ease his own financial pressure. He packed off his wife to his parents' house in Salisbury Square for the duration. Elizabeth could enjoy the coronation in the safe company of the elderly Pepyses while Samuel, footloose, worked out his strategy unimpeded.

WITH the coronation only nine days off, Easter was celebrated in an unusually festive air. The roads were full of coaches bringing the gentry into London. Boxes were arriving from France filled with expensively embroidered velvet. The last week before coronation was hectic. Crowds went up and down the royal route through London, between Temple Bar and Aldgate, to look at the arches. The East India Company's elaborate display of maritime history at the East Indy House in Leadenhall Street attracted several thousand. As the visitors toured the sights, they kept a weather eye on the heavy skies that



—Culver

Crowning of Charles II at Scone.

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were making the days chilly and wet.

It rained all day the Sunday before coronation. In the morning the crowds braved the weather to attend the hundred churches whose spires formed the spiky skyline of seventeenth-century London. In the afternoon with the skies still heavy, the people filled the streets in Cornhill and Cheapside. When Pepys walked home that way late in the afternoon, the streets were so thronged that he could hardly pass. He went to bed that night greatly troubled that the rain would spoil the show the next day.

MONDAY morning, the 22nd, Pepys got up early and for the first time put on his new clothes, including the fine velvet coat. Then he joined the Battens (Lady and Sir William, their two daughters, and their son and daughter-in-law) and the Penns (Sir William and his son William the Quaker). They all walked together over to Cornhill. Fortunately, it was not raining. They went to the house of Mr. Young, a flag-maker, who had ready for them a room facing the street. They had selected this position in Cornhill to watch the King's procession because it offered them a good view of the second triumphal arch, near the Royal Exchange, which was dedicated to the Navy. Mr. Young, being a flag-maker, had good practical motive for extending his hospitality to the purchasing officers of the Navy. He had for them not only a grandstand seat for the parade but he also furnished them with cake and wine for their entertainment while they waited for the procession—or, as the diarist labeled it, the King's Going from Y Tower to White Hall.

There was plenty for them to see while they waited. The freshly graveled street was lined on both sides by the brightly uniformed city militia. The members of the liveried companies in their traditional costumes had appointed places along the route. The musicians, instead of marching in the parade, were spotted at convenient intervals, and they were making practice tootles as the soldiery maneuvered and remaneuvered briskly and endlessly up and down the line. Bright carpets and pennants hung from all the buildings, and at every window there were pretty women laughing. Pepys immediately spotted one minx straight across from them who was willing at that distance to play the flirt. While the Sir Williams egged him on, the Batten ladies promised to report his gallantry to Elizabeth.

At ten o'clock they heard the cannon at the Tower blast away. The King had landed at Tower Wharf. They could follow by ear the progress of the vanguard as it passed up Tower Hill to Aldgate and then westward down Leadenhall Street toward Cornhill. The bells in the parish churches one after another began pealing; the bands of musicians picked up a tune as the Duke of York's Horse Guards pranced into view; and the cheering became an advancing cloud of noise. Behind the Horse Guard came the 136 Esquires of the Knights of the Bath in scarlet and silver. It was hard to believe that magnificence could increase after this first brilliant splash. But it did. As the lesser, then the greater, servants of the crown passed, Mr. Pepys had to turn his head, his "eyes at last being so much overcome with it." The variations that could be made with royal scarlet seemed endless: velvet cross-laced with silver, damask lined with cloth of gold, mantles and tabards and gowns edged with ermine and miniver. The sixty-eight Knights of the Bath with their crimson mantles and gold coronets almost took the play away from the great dignitaries that followed them, the Lords of the Privy Council, the Barons, the Viscounts, the Earls. Then came the great of the land in pairs, the Lord Great Constable and the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Lord Mayor of London and the Earl Marshal. Behind them, alone, came the Duke of York. And then the King!

BY the time the Duke and the King arrived at Cornhill, the head of the parade was approaching Temple Bar, a mile and a half away. At the Navy arch the royal brothers stopped to observe the performance that had been carefully rehearsed. A fountain flowing with wine and water revealed eight maids representing nymphs. On the tower above them seven trumpeters sounded a fanfare. An old man dressed in loose garments colored blue and white to represent the River Thames stepped out to deliver a speech. As the old man's sea-green beard bobbed up and down, the King permitted his eye to wander over the wenches who were standing bravely still under their sovereign's experienced gaze. When the River Thames finally finished his harangue, the King smiled his approval at the nymphs and passed on under the arch. High up in a window on his left he spied his Navy officers, Batten and Penn and a full-lipped little man with his popeyes riveted on his royal person. The King and the Duke together saluted them handsomely.

There was another quarter mile of parade, equerries, gentlemen pensioners, the Master of the Horse, the Vice-Chamberlain, troops of the Horse Guard, and the Volunteers; but they were the epilogue.

Mr. Young served his guests a fine dinner and they all rattled and giggled in a hysteria of babbling, "pleased above imagination" at what they had seen. As soon as he decently could, Pepys slipped away from his companions and made his way to the river. He hailed a water-taxi and sped up the river to Westminster. All the Montagues were chattering away as excitedly as the costers in the City. The Earl came in weary from his long walk happy to be able to relax in his glory with his admiring family and servants. After supper he took Pepys into his room to show him the coronation robes he would wear the next day. They had come from France and had cost him two hundred pounds. His head buzzing with wine and a kaleidoscope of images of crimson velvet,

". . . the roads were full of coaches bringing the gentry into London."

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laughing girls, and a king's salute, Pepys went groggily below stairs to spend the night with Mr. Shepley, the Earl's steward.

At four o'clock he got up, dressed rapidly, and hurried over to the Abbey. The weather providentially remained clear. Even at that early hour the Abbey Yard was full of people. Pepys moved about among them until he saw a group being led around to the north door by Sir J. Denham, the Surveyor-General of all the King's buildings. Denham was not his man, but high officials usually have lesser officials in their wake. Denham's lieutenant was a man named Cooper, and him Pepys knew; at least, he knew him well enough to fall into step with him and begin a conversation. That was all that a good touch-man like Pepys needed. He just walked on in through the north door and into the scaffolds built in the north transept for the occasion. They were not the best seats in the house because he could not see the high altar, but he could see the raised coronation theatre just below and part of the choir. He settled down for a seven-hour wait. The coronation would begin at eleven.

In the meantime there was plenty to see. Pepys was like the man who today enjoys the ritual of pre-game practice at the baseball park. "It was," he said, "a great pleasure to see the Abbey raised in the middle, all covered with red, and a throne (that is a chair) and a footstool on the top of it; and all the officers of all kinds, so much as the very fidlers, in red vests." With great patience, he watched the gathering show, enduring the hard benches and an empty stomach.

PROMPTLY at eleven the chapter of Westminster Abbey, the Dean and Prebends, followed by the bishops of the Church of England, "many of them in cloth of gold copes," began the procession through the north doors. After them came the nobility in their coronation robes, "which was a most magnificent sight." The Prebendaries carried all the regalia for the King's vesting, which they ceremoniously delivered to the peers. The peers had entered bareheaded, carrying their coronets in their hands. Then came the Duke of York and finally the King, preceded by three earls bearing the scepter, the sword, and the orb, which symbolized his sovereignty. Pepys was delighted to see that the earl bearing the scepter was Lord Sandwich in his £200 robe. The churchmen having delivered the King's regalia proceeded into the choir singing an anthem. The King mounted the ancient throne of the kings of England (which to Mr. Pepys

(*Continued on page* 39)

BRITISH LIVES

The Lion of Chartwell

By Vincent Sheean

Sir Winston Churchill, Her Britannic Majesty's chief counselor at the time of her coronation this week, is a man without precedent and without peer. Mr. Sheean, who knows him well, takes measure of the man as revealed in the pages of ***Virginia Cowles's*** *excellent* ***"Winston Churchill: The Man and the Era"*** *(Harper. 378 pp. $5).*

THE RT. HON SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, K.G., has not his like on earth and never has had. For this reason alone he is a difficult subject for any writer to deal with; and when we add the immense length and variety of his activity, the noble failures and the unimaginable successes, we see that it is a parcel of lives in one. It might be the statistical equivalent of a dozen or fifteen lives, each of them extraordinary in itself. We think of Pitt, Marlborough, Nelson, and Wellington; we are forced also to think of Leonardo da Vinci; we are reminded sometimes of Washington, of Julius Caesar, and even of Lincoln. When the Crown of England descends upon the young head of Elizabeth II and the guns boom out over the world we shall have witnessed, in our own lifetime, the majestic unfolding and grand ultimate fruition of an epic in human history. The man who knelt a while ago to that young Queen to be dubbed knight and bidden arise is a great man and a hero.

Scott Long in the Minneapolis Tribune *(1949).*

"Social lion."

Virginia Cowles, undaunted, has undertaken the task of writing that life while it approaches its climax. And joy it is to salute at last a good book about Winston Churchill, her "Winston Churchill, The Era and the Man." Churchill has written numerous volumes himself on the subject, but he has never had the necessary detachment to see it whole. He is without focus for the span of it: reasonably so, since he is always concerned with a particular part of the incredible story at a particular time. Here we have a book which sees it all, right straight through, and treats it with a masterful discipline of scale and proportion. It will be a long time before anything to compare with this book is added to the literature of our great and revered friend—the Friend of All the World, as was said of his predecessor, Kim.

THE story of this life is, in outline, very much the one Disraeli tried to write in his novels. It is the penniless and immensely talented Young Tory of aristocratic birth who wishes to rejuvenate his party and govern England. The Disraeli novel is fulfilled in Churchill superabundantly, and far indeed beyond anything Dizzy could possibly have foreseen. But it has also some elements of picaresque, some touches of Rider Haggard and Rudyard Kipling, a broad streak of Shakespeare. Winston was born in a cloakroom at Blenheim Palace, the stately mansion in Oxfordshire which was the grateful nation's gift to his ancestor John Duke of Marlborough. His mother, Lady Randolph Churchill, an American directly descended from one of George Washington's lieutenants, was at St. Andrews Night Ball on November 30, 1874, when her genius son, prematurely but imperiously, demanded to be born, and there was no time to get her to a bedroom. Miss Cowles tells us that nowadays when sightseers go to Blenheim Palace they are startled to see that Sir Winston was born in such a little room when there were vast apartments upstairs for the purpose. He was two months ahead of his time. He has often been more than that since.

Winston never knew his father at all well (Lord Randolph had no time for children) and has always regretted

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it. His beautiful mother, too, was remote throughout his childhood, although after he had reached the age of twenty she became a great friend and so remained until her death. The boy was sensationally unsuccessful at school, obstinately so, and got out of Harrow without ever having written a Latin verse or a Greek epigram. English, however, came to him early and stayed. Since he was unfit for a university his father sent him to Sandhurst, and to the cavalry at that—the cavalry's intellectual requirements having been kept down by the expenses of the horse. Winston enjoyed it, as he enjoyed his term of service in India with all the polo playing and the highjinks. He longed for combat, however—since his earliest days he had played with tin soldiers—and most of his army years were spent in an endeavor to get into posts of danger. He finally had to leave the army and become a war correspondent (first in Cuba, then in Egypt, and finally in South Africa) to get his taste of fire.

It was in South Africa that he became world famous at the age of twenty-five by being captured by the Boers and making his escape from them. The episode was amply reported by others even before he got out to report it himself for his newspaper. He returned to England as a hero and made a lecture tour of only two months in the United States which brought him $50,000.

HE ENTERED the first Parliament of Edward VII, immediately after the death of Queen Victoria, and commanded the attention of the House of Commons from the moment of his maiden speech. This situation has never altered for fifty years. He was a Conservative but Arthur Balfour distrusted him (they were great friends afterwards), and he came under the magnetic spell of Lloyd George, "crossed the floor" to the Liberal Party, and became for about six or seven years a real Radical, hot against the privileged classes and dedicated to the alleviation of the conditions of the poor. These were not mere words. He was a member of the Government at thirty and a member of the Cabinet at thirty-four, after the Liberal victory of 1906. As a Liberal he pacified South Africa—it so happened that the very man who captured him in South Africa was General Botha, leader of the Boer Nationalists—and made the arrangements which have endured so far. As Home Secretary he introduced health insurance, old age pensions, and other forms of social legislation not associated with his name today. His speeches (and Miss Cowles quotes them freely) sound like the speeches of Aneurin Bevan in the present context, and to all of his aristocratic friends and relatives they must have sounded like the reddest of red rebellions.

HE WAS not, however, a natural radical, and the rising menace of Germany in its challenge to England called forth his native genius as champion, as defender of the faith. He became First Lord of the Admiralty and prepared for war. Some of what he did during that First World War was decisive then and afterwards: he invented the tank, or commanded its invention on clear terms; he began to invent (in 1917) the floating harbors which were used on our D-day in Normandy in 1944; he spread his incalculable energy over many fields, working eighteen hours a day as a rule at that time. (He still does when he has to do so.) He came to grief over the Dardanelles expedition, as the world knows, and yet, if his concepts had been fully executed, the First World War might have ended in 1915. The British and French high commands, men of almost unbelievable stupidity from beginning to end, insisted on the murderous massacre of trench warfare in the west, whereas Winston had the much more modern idea of flank attack—the idea, in fact, which won the Second World War. They would give him no infantry for "amphibious operations" and he scored the greatest of his failures, one which might have been the greatest of his successes. He left the Government and went himself to the trenches, returning when the loyal and devoted Lloyd George offered him the Ministry of Munitions.

The downfall of Lloyd George left him without a party, but he has never—until just lately—seemed to care much about parties. He ended up, of course, back where he had started, in the Conservative Party, and Stanley Baldwin even made him Chancellor of the Exchequer; but with mediocre and unimaginative men like Baldwin and the two Chamberlains he was never really at home. It was inevitable that he would be thrown out again into "the wilderness," as it is called in English politics; and from that wilderness he called again and again to awaken his sleeping countrymen on the danger of Adolf Hitler.

The rest of the story is known to every literate adult. It is the story of a genius for words, but also for work and organization. He could say, as we heard him unforgettably say: "We shall never surrender." But he could also work eighteen hours a day and study every detail of mechanics, strategy, and tactics. Our advance over the Germans in radio-location, electronics, landing-boats, and the all-important floating harbors, our head start in atomic energy, are all owing to him. This indefatigable man, who will be eighty in a year and a half has performed miracles even outside the great and central miracle of sustaining the whole world on his own shoulders for a solid year alone.

Virginia Cowles enjoys (or suffers from) intense celebrity in England, and it is curious that it has aroused little echo in her native America for the past fifteen years. Some of her most fabulous exploits (such as her journeys to both sides in the Spanish Civil War) were splashed all over the papers in London but buried away or not even printed in the United States. She came upon London in 1936 or 1937, as I remember, a beautiful American girl with a vivid interest in the world at large and a deceptive air of naiveté about it. Her despatches from Spain, Czechoslovakia, Germany, and other countries were widely printed and commanded an interest equal to that evocable in this country by a combination of Walter Lippmann, Dorothy Thompson, and at least a half or a quarter of an Alsop. Tory society in particular received her with a sigh of pleasure, and she was able to observe the ruling classes from their most familiar interiors, the spoiled child of an aristocracy which instinctively knew that it needed to hear some fresh voices lest its ears be forever dulled. Miss Cowles's marriage to about half the eligible peerage was the most current of London rumors for years, and yet when the war was over, and she had finished her stint as a journalist, she married a Labour M.P. and became a worker for the Labour Party.

THIS is the Archimedean fulcrum from which she has now launched her solid and brilliant book about Churchill. It treats him with reverent care—she has no truck with idle hearsay—and she says herself that she cannot approach him without "awe." (Who could?) But her awe does not inhibit her. When she wishes to show the errors and divagations which have abounded in his life she has only to quote his own words. Miss Cowles has relied not upon her long friendship with the Churchill family and their friends, but upon the historical record, the verbatim account of what actually was said, and the contemporary testimony from friend and foe. She is godmother to Sir Winston Churchill's small grandson, named Winston. The child can find no better book about his grandfather than this. Virginia Cowles is dealing with a dazzling subject (that Churchill! how he fell across our dire and dismal age like a shower of stars!) but she does it soberly, justly, austerely, and with a true sense of history. She always was a lady; now she is also a gentleman, and a writer as well.

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One Mancunian Gadfly

By Richard B. Morris

***Kingsley Martin's** new biography, **"Harold Laski"** (Viking. 278 pp. $4) is appraised by a Columbia University professor of history.*

"THE most articulate human being who ever lived" is hardly an extravagant description of Harold Laski. Whether across the tea table or on the lecture platform, British Labour's *éminence grise* never failed to astonish his listeners by his tremendous facility with words, his phenomenal memory, and the encyclopedic range of his learning. In a warmly sympathetic yet balanced biography, Kingsley Martin, editor of *The New Statesman and Nation* and a long-time friend of Laski's, makes comprehensible the multitude of paradoxes embodied within the slight frame of that turbulent intellectual.

The author offers us several keys to Laski's character and behavior. First of all was his revolt from his parental traditions. At the age of seventeen he defied his parents, devout Manchester Jews, by marrying a Scottish girl, Frida Kerry, eight years his senior and of another faith. That this marriage proved lasting in spite of the violent opposition of Laski's family testifies both to the stamina of the young couple and to their abiding affection for each other. But this desertion from Judaism sprang from an intellectual as well as an emotional base. "I am English, not Polish; an agnostic, not a Jew. I cannot reconcile Maimonidies with Mill nor 'Ann Veronica' with the Mosaic Law," Laski told his father.

While the break with the family was later partially repaired, Laski managed to dismiss Jewish questions from his mind for the next quarter of a century. Then came Hitler. As one refugee intellectual after another was sustained by Laski's warm spirit and generosity, he came to recognize that "those who organize the pogrom today will attack tomorrow the general foundations of freedom." When, following Labour's victory in 1945, Bevin repudiated the party's pro-Zionist resolutions, Laski as a member of the party Executive sought to organize what he called "an internal opposition to fight the Attlee-Bevin betrayal of the Jews." Nevertheless, while dissociating himself from the Foreign Secretary's policy, he did not resign, finally retiring in 1948. Kingsley Martin feels that Laski should have quit over the Government's Palestine policy. "There are issues that cannot be fought by private pressure or persuasive memoranda," he observes.

A second key which unlocks Laski's character was his almost pathetically eager desire for the admiration and affection of those whom he himself respected. Early in his career his associates discovered that he would romance about the notables he met or the books he read. Considering the fact that he had a fabulous personal acquaintance which ranged from Winston Churchill to obscure Welsh miners or provincial booksellers and that he was one of the most widely read people of our own or any time, it was easy for him to intersperse fact with fiction. Most recently some weird examples have come to light with the published Holmes-Laski correspondence. But his perceptive biographer is inclined to go along with a contemporary who commented: "As, however, it was recognized that he did not lie to make money or out of spite, this habit did not do him as much harm as it might have done."

As the author convincingly demonstrates, the United States was Harold Laski's second country, and a considerable part of his reputation rests upon his role as a critic of American institutions. Few visitors to our shores ever staged so dramatic a first act. His part in the Boston Police Strike of 1919, so thoughtfully appraised in this book, profoundly affected his attitude toward this country. Henceforth he was to be increasingly critical of the role of Big Business both in government and in universities. It compelled him to a more realistic study of the relationship between property and power. It convinced him that he should leave Harvard.

Laski's assumption of teaching duties at the London School of Economics involved no renunciation of America. Some of his most significant books were written about the United States and his influence in this country was probably as great if not greater than in Britain. His intimates included Associate Justices Holmes, Brandeis, and Frankfurter (Martin has made judicious use of the Frankfurter correspondence), and the philosopher, Morris R. Cohen. Devoted to FDR and to the New Deal, Laski favored strengthening the national powers at the expense of traditional federalism. "The price of democracy is the power to satisfy living demands," he insisted. At the same time he advocated expanding the powers of the Presidency at the expense of the division of powers authorized under the Constitution. Whether he would have felt the same way had the President been a conservative Republican instead of a liberal Democrat is problematical. With nagging persistence he clung to many of his early notions about the role of Big Business in American life and his conviction that the profit system was obsolescent. Full of acid characterizations, repetitious, and overwritten, his "American Democracy" constituted nonetheless a formidable attack on American capitalism.

LASKI is still one more example of exceptional precocity which did not achieve in maturity the creative potentialities revealed in youth. His is the tragedy of a seminal mind who chooses the role of one-man Labour party Brains Trust, accepts cheerfully every call of party or persons upon his time, and scatters his exceptional gifts over the fields of politics, journalism, and teaching. His "Foundations of Sovereignty," published in 1921, gave promise of another Bentham or Mill. Inspired by Gierke and Maitland, with their stress upon the rights and duties of associations, Laski established himself in the forefront of pluralist thinkers, political scientists who attacked the monistic conception of sovereignty. Laski went further than most others in pushing his pluralism (which he later deserted) from group to individual, making the only valid source of law the individual conscience. Despite his later dogmatic Marxism ("Yes, my friend, we are both Marxists, you in your way, I in Marx's," he replied to a heckler at a public meeting), and his sympathy with the objectives of the USSR, Laski to the end placed a high value upon freedom, while at the same time holding to the view that such freedom could not be achieved in the capitalist society of the West.

If the political urgencies of our time impelled Laski to prefer changing society to interpreting it, his public duties never impaired his unstinted devotion to teaching and to his students. His devastating wit, his lack of reverence, his capacity for deflating pomposity, his warm interest in human beings were qualities which won him recognition as one of the great teachers of our time.

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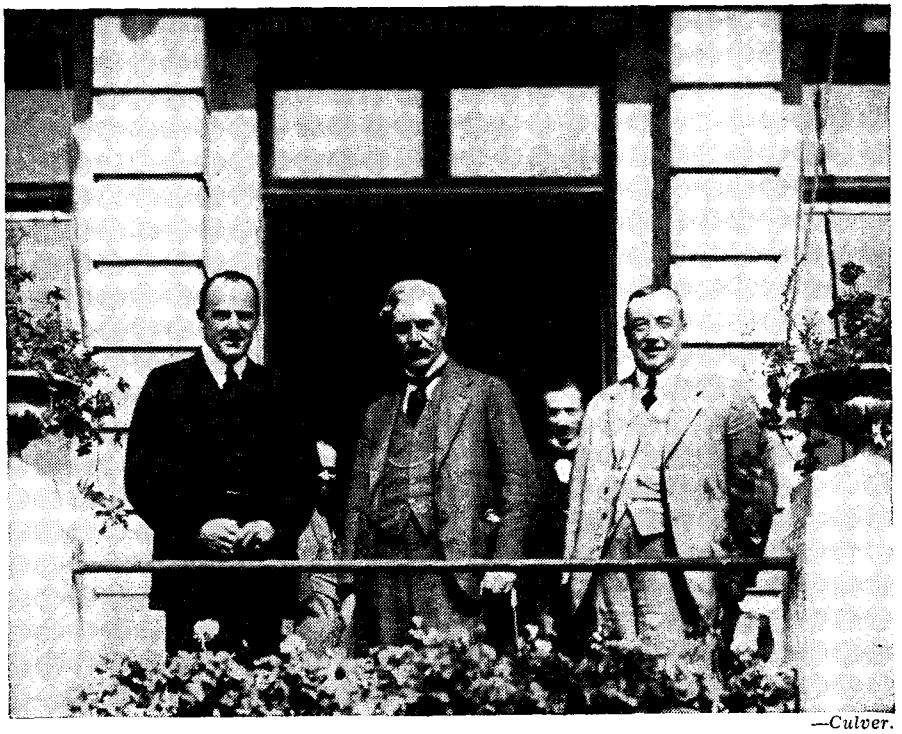

—Culver.

Ramsay MacDonald (center)—"conservative, humane, bewildered, and lonely man."

Parent and Scapegoat

By Paul Knaplund

Professor Knaplund of the University of Wisconsin, author of "The British Empire, 1815-1939," reviews ***Benjamin Sacks's "J. Ramsay MacDonald,"*** *(University of New Mexico Press. 591 pp. $8), non-Marxist head of a socialist government.*

FEW modern success stories equal that of J. Ramsay MacDonald. Born out of wedlock and in the direst poverty, he rose to be Prime Minister of Britain, and for about a decade he ranked among the leading statesmen of the world. Clearly an extraordinary man, he was also an enigma. The organizer of Britain's socialist Labour Party, he was never a Marxist. In 1924 he became the first British Labour Prime Minister; by assuming that post without having previously held any sort of office in the national government he broke precedent. The second time he took over the British government, in 1929, a financial hurricane struck Britain as it struck our land. Two years later he resigned as Labour Prime Minister, but immediately resumed that office as the head of a National Government which, after a general election, was backed by a very strong Conservative majority. For the rest of his life he was hated and reviled by the party which he had built and temporarily broken.

Until 1935 MacDonald had the title of Prime Minister, but the substance of power was held by Stanley Baldwin. For four years MacDonald lingered on the national stage wearing the trappings of the leading actor. Having forgotten his old lines he sought unsuccessfully to learn new ones. Although he had devoted a lifetime to the study of economic problems and to the advocacy of economic reform he left to Neville Chamberlain the task of formulating a recovery program for Britain.

In his volume, "J. Ramsay MacDonald," Professor Benjamin Sacks bravely seeks to restore his subject's tarnished reputation. His purpose is revealed in his subtitle, "An Architect for a Better World." In support of this thesis the author presents a series of essays based on careful examination of MacDonald's voluminous writings and his many speeches. Most of this material belongs to the period when MacDonald sought to formulate a program and philosophy for the Labour Party.

The greater part of the book is devoted to discussions of political issues—domestic and imperial. Strangely enough, if Professor Sacks's study is complete, the "Architect of a Better World" gave little heed to the nation's health, conditions in mines, social security, and a number of other questions quite closely related to world improvement.

MacDonald visited many parts of the British Empire, and though he found much to criticize in the imperial administration, he was not an habitual faultfinder. In 1914, like so many others opposing Britain's entrance into the war, he groped for ways and means to end the conflict; he was dissatisfied with the 1919 peace settlement; he supported the League of Nations; and he strove—ineffectually—to secure reduction of world armaments.

DESPITE Professor Sacks's intention to portray MacDonald as an architect for a better world, the picture which emerges from these essays is that of a conservative, humane, bewildered, and lonely man. He never accepted the Marxist creed of a class struggle. Proposals for proportional representation, the alternative ballot, and the referendum MacDonald viewed with considerable distaste. He disapproved of the 1926 general strike. In fact, on most political issues, whether domestic or imperial, MacDonald was a Victorian liberal. His ideas of colonial self-government coincided with those of Gladstone, and his detestation of war was comparable to that of John Bright.

MacDonald's travels throughout the Empire were not supplemented with thorough studies of its administration. He seems to have been unaware of the fact that long before the end of the nineteenth century both Canadians and Australians were consulted on the appointment of their governors. In his eagerness to promote racial equality MacDonald favored restrictions on the power of the dominions to control immigration and franchise laws. And his interest in promoting independence for Egypt and India, strong while he was of the opposition party, waned perceptibly when he became Prime Minister.

It is perhaps a measure of Macdonald's loneliness as a labor leader that Sidney Webb has but one reference in the book under review, and that R. H. Tawney has none.

Professor Sacks has presented a great array of facts on the life of J. Ramsay MacDonald, but oddly enough, those that gave him a valid title to be considered an "architect" have been omitted. None of these essays throws light upon his methods and means of organizing the British Labour Party. He was its architect, and he built so well that even in 1931 he did not wreck it. That party of today is his monument and title to enduring fame.

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Warriors, Princes, the Sea

By Geoffrey Bruun

The first five volumes in Macmillan's Brief Lives Series offer succinct, readable, and accurate portraits of men and women who contributed to the greatness of Britain.

WHEN Carlyle declared, in "Heroes and Hero Worship," that the soul of the whole Past Time lies in books, he overstated his point as usual. Yet one could wish that more historians today possessed the fervor and imagination of that "eccentric old Scotchman" as Queen Victoria called him. He knew how to give historical dramas immediacy and suspense. He knew that the soul of the past may live again in a lively narrative of gallant leaders and great causes but few hearts are quickened by a discussion of "factors" and "trends" and "influences." It may be true that "in tragic life, God wot, no villain need be." But a hero is essential in any historical narrative written to captivate the young in heart.

Today, when the youth of the land are forsaking history books for more exciting media, the appearance of a new biographical series that makes leading characters of English history human and credible is a happy event. The first five volumes of "Brief Lives," published by Collins of London, and distributed in this country by Macmillan, set a standard that promises to make this collection one of the best of its kind. Each volume is compact and short (about 35,000 words), each carries a good likeness of the central character as a frontispiece, each is written by an expert who enjoys the respect of the learned world, each is presented in a style the layman and the immature reader can absorb with effortless pleasure and genuine profit.

THE VOLUMES in the "Brief Lives Series," discussed in Geoffrey Bruun's article, are all published by the Macmillan Co., New York. Per volume, $1.75. Titles and authors:

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE. By James A. Williamson.

QUEEN VICTORIA. By Roger Fulford.

MONTROSE. By C. V. Wedgwood.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. By Milton Waldman.

RUPERT OF THE RHINE. By Bernard Fergusson.

For narrative mastery, compressed excitement, and daring adventure the book that launched the series—"Sir Francis Drake," by James A. Williamson—is the best and most representative. This will surprise no one familiar with the author's earlier works. Williamson's life of "Sir John Hawkins," his "Age of Drake," and other studies on English expansion overseas have won him an international reputation as the leading authority on the maritime history of the Elizabethan era. In writing a brief life of Drake he had the additional advantage of dealing with a hero whose story is one of the world's great epics.

To contrast this short and sinewy narrative of Drake's exploits with Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" written one hundred years ago is a revelation of changing tastes and mores. Williamson never descends to the sermonizing and moralizing that filled so many pages in Victorian histories, especially those for younger readers. He makes it clear that the English were not always heroes nor the Spaniards villains. Drake, Hawkins, and their fellows traded at the ports of the Spanish Main as often as they sacked them. Their negotiations with Philip II's colonial governors, who frequently agreed to surrender after a mock attack, buy slaves from the English freebooters, and let them intercept the royal treasure ships, are full of entrancing duplicities.

With the eye of a strategist Drake recognized that the Isthmus of Panama formed a weak link in the Spaniards' communications. He landed there in 1572 and attempted to capture the treasures from Peru as they were packed across the isthmus. In 1578 he passed through the Straits of Magellan and raided the Peruvian ports on the Pacific, filling the *Golden Hind* with all the gold and silver it could carry; sailed north to California; and returned home by circumnavigating the globe. In 1585-86 he captured Cartagena and St. Augustine, visited Ralegh's Virginia colony, and took the survivors home with him. In 1587 he "singed the King of Spain's beard" by sailing into Cadiz harbor and destroying the ships assembled there for an attack on England. In 1588 he helped to repel the Armada; but thereafter his fortunes waned. He fumbled a chance to storm Lisbon in 1589 and failed in a renewed attempt to capture Panama in 1595. A few weeks later he died at Porto Bello.

In Milton Waldman's "Queen Elizabeth" the reader can learn about the court, the politics, and the social conditions in England during the same era. Waldman's book has less adventure, more analysis, and a more complicated plot. The first and liveliest quarter of it describes Elizabeth's career up to her coronation: she ascended the throne in her mid-twenties like the present Elizabeth II. The remaining three-fourths of the book cover "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" from 1558 to 1603. Waldman has treated most of the episodes at length in "Elizabeth's England," "Elizabeth and Essex," and other excellent studies. Here his effort to compress the major events of half a century into 159 pages is expert but much has to be scanted. The European situation remains vague and the adroitness of the queen's foreign policy is obscured in consequence.

ELIZABETH had a cryptic and arresting personality that compels attention. Victoria did not, and Roger Fulford has no easy task in tracing Victoria's long reign of sixty-three years. He writes of her with kindness and respect, of the attractive girl-queen, the happy wife for twenty years, the secluded widow for another twenty, and the revered sovereign who regained her subjects' affection after 1880 and became for her last two decades the venerated symbol and institution of the world's greatest empire. This is the only volume among

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—Bettman Archive.

Elizabeth I, Montrose, Prince Rupert, Drake, and Victoria—"narrative mastery, excitement, daring adventure."

the five that will appeal more strongly to feminine than to masculine readers.

Montrose and Rupert of the Rhine, who were what Carlyle liked to call the "shining sort," fit the purpose of this series to perfection. Neither, it is true, can be rated as more than a secondary figure in the historical sense. But Montrose still captivates by his courage, his courtesy, his superb generalship. His campaigns in the service of Charles I and II and the treachery with which they repaid him make his life a moving and tragic romance. Miss Wedgwood rightly insists that John Buchan's biography of the great marquis is the standard work to read, but her own performance is a fine, brief, mettlesome book to set beside it.

For American readers Rupert of the Rhine is little more than a euphonious name. This nephew of Charles I, who distinguished himself as a cavalry leader in the Civil War, as a seaman, a courtier under Charles II, a founder of the Hudson's Bay Company, and a sponsor of the Royal Society, deserves to be better known. Bernard Fergusson, who is a soldier as well as a historian, interprets Rupert's character and follows his career in a fine fluent vein and does both full justice.

Subsequent titles have been promised on Lincoln, Chatham, Cecil Rhodes, Sir Christopher Wren, Edward I, and other worthies. The only defects that might be urged against the first five entries is that they lack an index and fail of uniformity in the matter of end notes. Major Fergusson includes a genealogical table, a chronological table, and a note on sources. Miss Wedgwood offers a "Note on Books and Sources"; the remaining three carry none of these aids. Closer standardization in these particulars is desirable and would increase the value of the volumes without burdening the book or the reader.

Musick-Maker

By Whitney Balliett

Percy A. Scholes's "Life and Activities of Sir John Hawkins" *(Oxford University Press. 287 pp. $7) is a distinguished musicologist's tribute to an eighteenth century Briton of the same calling.*

THAT eminent and indefatigable English musicologist and man of letters, Dr. Percy Scholes, whose monumental biography, "The Great Doctor Burney," appeared almost five years ago, has written a new and thoroughly engaging book on Burney's rival, the eighteenth century musical historian, Sir John Hawkins. Burney, of course, was Samuel Johnson's friend: "I love Burney. My heart goes out to meet him. I much question if there is in the world such another man as Dr. Burney." And Hawkins, too, in his way, was Johnson's friend, but of him Johnson once said: "As to Sir John, why really I believe him to be an honest man at the bottom; but to be sure he is penurious, and he is mean, and it must be owned that he has a degree of brutality and a tendency to savageness that cannot be easily defended."

Dr. Scholes shows us in painstaking fashion that Hawkins was indeed a close-hearted, rather hard man who was, nevertheless, one of London's leading citizens during the Age of Satire. Born in England of a humble family, he became a lawyer, married a wealthy woman, and eventually held the position of a prominent magistrate. Meanwhile, in the course of his seventy years, he became an editor, poet, musical historian, and biographer. He brought out an edition of Izaak Walton's "The Compleat Angler"; spent sixteen years writing the first "History of Musick" published in England—a book which is, with its two thousand pages of disorganized, muddy prose, still an important source work; and, two years before his death in 1789, he put together an edition of Johnson's "Works," together with a "Life," that is not much valued today, except as a collection of somewhat discursive memorabilia of the faces and figures of the times. During his middle years, Hawkins came to know Johnson well as a member of most of the Great Moralist's literary clubs, and could count as his friends and acquaintances such luminaries as Garrick, Walpole, Burke, Reynolds, Goldsmith, and Bishop Percy.

Dr. Scholes has based a good deal of his biography on the "Anecdotes" and "Memoirs" of Hawkins's daughter, Laetitia. And so, as the author realizes, "The Life and Activities of John Hawkins" is, as well, a sort of brief life of Laetitia, who appears to have been a far more lively and piquant person than her humorless plodding father. (Laetitia tells us that her mother would never allow her to wear a hat of more than twenty-seven inches in diameter, although a thirty-three-incher was the height of chic at the time.)

Dr. Scholes has also given us a lot of fresh material about Johnson himself as seen through the eyes of the various Hawkinses, who were all, it seems, prolific and unfailingly bad writers. Dr. Scholes, however, is an accomplished and witty writer, and perhaps no one else could have animated the dour Hawkins as he has done with his bouncing style, and bristling footnotes, in which he amiably parries at other scholars, at Hawkins and his friends, and even, occasionally, at himself. The only real slip in his book that I caught occurs in a footnote where Dr. Scholes thoughtfully informs his English readers that the Declaration of Independence was given to the world in July 1775.

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FICTION

Laughter in the Ghetto

By Saul Bellow

The author of "Dangling Man" and "Victim," now a teacher at Princeton, appraises ***"The Adventures of Mottel the Cantor's Son,"*** *by* ***Sholom Aleichem,*** *(Schuman. 342 pp. $4.) often called "the Jewish Mark Twain."*

"MOTTEL the Cantor's Son" just now translated and published in English, at the height of a new vogue for the work of Sholom Aleichem, was the great Jewish humorist's last novel. It was begun in 1907 and Aleichem was writing the last chapter when he died in 1916 at the age of fifty-seven.

This delightful account given by a boy of his family's emigration from the old-country village to New York is characteristic of the work of its author. Sholom Aleichem wrote for the family circle and his attitude was that of an entertainer. Hebrew was the language of serious literature among the Jews of the Pale; Yiddish the secular language and the language of comedy. A popular writer, a caricaturist and sentimentalist, Sholom Aleichem had much more in common with Dickens than he had with Mark Twain, to whom he has often been compared. He was a great ironist—the Yiddish language has an ironic genius—and he was a writer in whom the profoundly sad, bitter spirit of the ghetto laughed at itself and thereby transcended itself.

The Jews of the ghetto found themselves involved in an immense joke. They were divinely designated to be great and yet they were like mice. History was something that *happened* to them; they did not make it. The nations made it, while they, the Jews, suffered it. But when history had happened it belonged to them, inasmuch as it was the coming of the Messiah—*their* Messiah—that would give it meaning. Every male child was potentially the Messiah. The most ordinary Yiddish conversation is full of the grandest historical, mythological, and religious allusions. The Creation, the Fall, the Flood, Egypt, Alexander, Titus, Napoleon, the Rothschilds, the sages, and the Laws may get into the discussion of an egg, a clothes-line, or a pair of pants. This manner of living on terms of familiarity with all times and all greatness contributed, because of the poverty and powerlessness of the Chosen, to the ghetto's sense of the ridiculous. Powerlessness appears to force people to have recourse to words. Hamlet has to unpack his heart with words, he complains. The fact that the Jews of Eastern Europe lived among menacing and powerful neighbors no doubt contributed to the subtlety and richness of the words with which they unpacked.

"Mottel the Cantor's Son" is a gay, not an oppressive book. Against the grim background of the ghetto and in the presence of death, the small boy continues to play. Almost nothing can take place which he is unable to make into an occasion of happiness; with boundless resilience he tells, after his father's death, how quickly he learns the prayer for the dead, how well everyone treats him now that he is an orphan. When the springs come out of the sofa, he winds them around his neck to see whether he can choke himself. When the last of the furniture is sold, he has more room on the floor for his games. His brother Eli, the new head of the family, is stern with Mottel, but the boy has an inexhaustible power of enjoyment and cannot be affected. He plays in the fields, in the brook, in the filthy yard, amid the rich man's stacks of lumber. All places are alike to him. He declines to suffer the penalties the world imposes on him.

Aleichem—"five ordinary novels."

THE comedy of the book emerges from Mottel's ingenuous descriptions of his elders. Eli, now the support of his family, has concocted a powder for killing mice from directions he found in a book on how to make a fortune quickly. Eli's wife, Brocha—her name in Hebrew signifies Blessing, and she is anything but a blessing—keeps raising the price of this powder.

"'If you have to eat pork,' she says, 'the lard may as well drip down your beard. And if you've become a rat-chaser, at least take money for it.'

"'But where is justice? Where is God?' Mother interrupts.

"My sister-in-law replies, 'Justice? It's here!' and points to the oven. 'God? He's there!' and slaps her pocket."

The mouse-powder, containing hellebore, is unusable; it makes everyone sneeze, and the victory is with the mice. But the matter must be discussed upon the summits of principle. Gogol would have been intrigued by this idea of a fortune to be made in mouse-powder. Indeed, Sholom Aleichem seems to have learned a great deal from him. Only, Gogol's humor is wilder, more inventive and lavish, Sholom Aleichem's is drier and more sad. His characters have an immediate problem of survival. Poor, hungry, and living in fear they must survive, but not by adapting themselves; adaptation is forbidden and they must remain what they are. Mottel learns early in life to perform difficult feats of equilibrium, and Pinney, one of the immigrants, is quite explicit about this matter of keeping one's balance.

Demostrating balance Pinney makes himself and the onlookers seasick, but this confidence in the existence of a remedy is typical of them all.

As a novel, "Mottel the Cantor's Son" is not entirely successful; it is loosely constructed and undramatic, but it contains more remarkable characters than any five ordinary novels and it has its pages of incomparable comedy.

The translation by the author's granddaughter, Tamara Kahana, is excellent: breezy, free, and witty. I suppose any reader who knows Yiddish will mutter to himself in that language as he reads the English; here and there he will come upon a phrase too literally translated, and stiff, and bereft of flavor. He will, however, understand Miss Kahana's difficulties.

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A Peaceful Failure

By Edmund Fuller

"Hear and Forgive," by Emys Humphreys *(Putnam. 249 pp. $3), deals with the problem of academic cowardice.*

THE particular quality of Mr. Humphreys's novel springs from its detailed self-portrait of a confessedly pusillanimous man. Most persons afflicted with the subtle brand of indecisiveness shading into moral cowardice that characterizes David Flint try desperately to pretend, both to themselves and others, that it isn't so. David lays it on the line, himself, in this quiet but interesting English novel.

He is a teacher by default; that is, for lack of any other appropriate wage-producing profession. His subject is Scripture, again by default. As he explains: "In order to get in a better type of school, and because I am religious enough by nature, I began to specialize in religious instruction. Teachers of Scripture were scarce." Here, as elsewhere, David's insight fails. The case might be stated that because he is *not* religious enough his whole teaching career is a passive opportunism.

Also, David is a novelist. But although Mr. Humphreys is a good enough novelist to make David just sufficiently interesting to carry his book on its quiet level, he cannot make us believe that David can be much of a novelist. A reviewer knows just the kind of novel David would write, for he reads a lot of them.

In the liberal-progressive school in which David teaches, the presence of two frankly Communist masters raises some academic freedom issues, but much more placidly than would be the case in this country. In this, and in other internal school matters, David manages to give something less than the proper support to his headmaster, Allenside, although this is the man he most admires and likes.

Indirection and indecisiveness cause David's failures. They sidetrack his marriage and involve him in a weird liaison with a wealthy, neurotic divorcee.

The merits of Mr. Humphreys's novel, then, are in special departments and of rather limited interest. The personal, moral struggle is on such a subdued level that we can't become greatly exercised over it. The treatment of the problems of school life is on such a small, local scale that we are not absorbed by it. There remains only the psychology of David Flint, as he relates his story. The book has competence of execution, but lacks both scope and force.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

"A WISE SON HEARETH HIS FATHER'S INSTRUCTION"

Seal Thompson of Wellesley, Massachusetts, believes that publication of the Standard Revised Version of the Bible should have awakened a new interest in the Scriptures, and she offers ten questions by way of testing this quickening. On a basis of ten points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is modestly commendable, seventy praiseworthy, and eighty or better remarkable. (Members of the clergy are asked to handicap themselves ten points in each of these brackets.) Answers on page 34.

1. By whom and to whom was this accusation made: "Much learning doth make thee mad"?
2. On what occasion was there "silence in Heaven about the space of half an hour"?
3. What woman instigated a revolution and led the troops to combat?
4. What great prophet was excessively sensitive about his smooth pate?
5. What manuscript was discovered by workmen and given to a woman to authenticate?
6. What king, offered anything he would name, made this choice: "Give thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad; for who is able to judge so great a people"?
7. What Biblical story is paralleled by the Roman narrative of the Rape of the Sabine Women?
8. On what famous riddle did the wise men ponder, without solution, for seven days?
9. What beast and famous man were known by the number 666?
10. Of whom was it said: "These people have turned the world upside down"?

Attic Mustard

By Harrison Smith

Nikos Kazantzakis's "Zorba the Greek" *(Simon & Schuster. 311 pp. $3.50.) is a haunting, hard-to-classify story about a young dilettante who learns something about life in the company of a strange old man.*

NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS'S remarkable and, to some extent, bewildering book "Zorba the Greek" may be known some day as a classic of modern literature. It is alive with energy, and it is at the same time earthy and philosophical, tender and Rabelaisian. It is a witness to the fact that the old pagan gods are not dead, that men without passion for folly and wildness and mad adventure can only build monuments to uniformed stupidity and boredom. Men like Zorba have always existed; they have been the heroes of legends, the heart of great poetry, the seafarers, the pioneers, the warriors, or the enchanted madmen like Don Quixote. We have had our share of them in this country, though we are now apt to catch them young and turn them over to the psychiatrist or the reform school.

It is certainly an astounding novel to emerge from a scholar, a philosopher, a man who has been Greece's minister of education, and is now president of the Greek Society of Men of Letters, though Mr. Kazantzakis has written a celebrated long epic poem on the fortunes of Odysseus after Homer left him at home, and doubtless a trace of blood of the ancient Greeks is in his veins.

"Zorba the Greek" has no recognizable plot. It was doubtless created for the pleasure of writing it and to stir its readers to tear themselves free from the cords that bind and choke and reduce them to nonentities wandering hopelessly through a maze of fears. A wealthy young Athenian, a writer and amateur philosopher bemused with Buddha, became attracted to an old Greek workman named Zorba, a wanderer who was full of energy as a current of electricity. Zorba told him, "Man is a wild beast; let your books alone. Beasts do not read." He and Zorba went to Crete, the birthplace of Mediterranean civilization, where he had bought an abandoned lignite mine near an ancient village.

Violence, tranquility, the beauty of the sea and mountains, and the mad and wonderful conceptions of Zorba forced the young dilettante to examine himself and the modern world, then on the threshold of war. A friend, a schoolmate whose hatred of civiliza-

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tion had led him to flee to Africa, wrote to him, "Cut loose from Europe, you Babylonian Greek." He replied that he was so low that his contact with men had become a soliloquy and that if he had to choose between falling in love and reading about love he would read a book.

He discovered that the older Zorba got the wilder he was, and that he looked at all things as if he had seen them for the first time. They climbed together to a mountain monastery and found three half-mad monks and a still madder bishop. One had three theories he had pondered for years: every flower has a different influence on a man's body and soul; ideas have a real existence; there is eternity in ephemeral lives. Another clutched a naked figurine of a Greek nymph in his hand. When the young scholar parted from Zorba he had become a vital human being, though he would never surrender to casual loves or become a wild man.

It is an adventure to read "Zorba the Greek," and a strange journey into a haunting, wild, and poetical conception of life as it may have once been lived, an exhilarating glimpse into what has been forever lost but might be discovered again. However remote it may seem at first glimpse, the reader will know that it casts a spell upon him.

A Widow's Alien Portion

By John Frederick Muehl

Rumer Godden's "Kingfishers Catch Fire," *(Viking. 282 pp. $3.50) the story of a British widow on her own in India and Kashmir, is the best book of one of our finest living novelists.*

RUMER GODDEN is not the kind of writer who appeals to a particularly demonstrative reading public, but that is the only good reason why there will be no shouting for joy over the publication of her new novel "Kingfishers Catch Fire." It is a beautiful book, so technically perfect that the professional writer stands in awe of it, yet so humane and moving that the most casual reader will be caught in the power of its plot and characters.

Miss Godden has written about a woman whose personality is perhaps best summed up in the words of her Aunt Portia who, utterly unable to understand her niece, says that "she has never learned the law of cause and effect." The widow of an English administrator in India, Sophie Ward and her two children have migrated to Kashmir where they have been driven by illness and penury to what Sophie sees as the rather appealing extremity of a peasant life. The issue that this poses is what will happen to Sophie, now isolated from the kindness of her various friends who until this time have been able to interpose themselves between her whims and their consequences, between cause and effect.

For Sophie is isolated. Alone, her impractical mind evolves an impossible pattern of life which even the eight-year-old Teresa can see is calculated to antagonize the villagers among whom they are living. Sophie fails to recognize her one friend and fellow-being; she loses Nabir the servant over a misunderstanding, and with Nabir's departure her last protection is gone and a rather terrifying world closes in on her. Finally, plied with marijuana and aphrodisiacs by her new servant, she drifts into the vortex of the inevitable crisis; Teresa is nearly killed in a fight between the herd children and Nabir is falsely accused of the crime.

But it is Sophie who clears Nabir. And in the last pages of the book it is the strength of her personality which comes to dominate. It is not that she has either changed or been misrepresented. It is simply that Sophie is at her best in a crisis. In the end, Sophie has faced up to her responsibilities, late and efficiently, but fully and in her own way, and one is sorry when old Toby comes from England to marry her, glad when she leaves him to rush to Beirut.

For the real power of the book is obviously in its characters: Sophie with her plausible irrationality. Nabir, all male, striding through the book in an aura of subtle sexuality. Profit David, the polished and practised fraud. The enervated Little Lochinvar, in poor contrast to Nabir. And Teresa, the child of the deep-set eyes, too wise for her years yet quiet and affectionate.

One has perhaps said all, however, when he has said that "Kingfishers Catch Fire" is almost certainly Rumer Godden's best novel. Those who are acquainted with her writing will agree that this makes it the best book of one of the finest living novelists in English.

World of Darkness

By Raymond Holden

In "The Face of the Deep" *(The World Publishing Co. 333 pp. $3.50). **Jacob Twersky** tells the story of two sightless men and the differing ways in which they fought their battle with society.*

THOSE physical handicaps to which human flesh is heir are supposed, in some mysterious way, to develop character. They often do, but perhaps more often they develop a compensatory mania which is more of a handicap than the inciting affliction. Blindness is one of the handicaps which it is least possible for those with sight to understand. You may think, you whose blindness ceases with the sunrise, that, because you can get out of bed at night and without lighting the light find your way unbruised to the bathroom, run yourself a drink of water and return to bed, perhaps not even opening your eyes, you can imagine what it would be like to have no eyes to open. Anyone reading Jacob Twersky's masterly narrative "The Face of the Deep" will not long maintain any such illusion.

Mr. Twersky's book is at once fiction and autobiography. He has been afflicted since he was four years old and became totally blind at the age of twelve. Yet he holds a master's degree from Columbia and a Ph.D. from N.Y.U. and is now an instructor of history at C.C.N.Y. Superficial judgment would say that blindness has not been a very great handicap to him. Yet the story he tells, of his own life and of the lives of other blind people, men and women, is one of appalling tragedy.

Twersky is more than ordinarily gifted as a writer. His style is carefully tempered, sharp and firm. He has a way of making his characters seem to be of the reader's own flesh and blood. The two major figures, Ken Werner and Joe Berkowitz, represent the defeat and the triumph of the blind man in his battle with economics and society. Each in a different way shows how the sightless world differs from the sighted, differs in its limited ability to meet courage and determined enterprise with reward, and

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yet how much the two worlds are alike in the passions and hungers which they give to their people.

The world of Twersky's story is like a sphere so reduced in size that instead of being a heaven overhead it is a vessel against the walls of which its inhabitants, unable to reduce themselves, are constantly knocking their heads. Yet the problems of the sightless folk of Mr. Twersky's world are the problems of all men and women intensified by the disparity between the greatness of human longing and the dreadful pressure exerted against it by the microcosm of the blind man.

This is truly a terrible and yet at the same time a beautiful book. Ken Werner's tragedy is not the tragedy of a man's weakness. It is the tragedy, humanly inevitable, of society's unwillingness to cope with a problem for which it has been led to feel distaste. There has never been a book better fitted to introduce those who have sight to the world of those who have not. Terrifying as its story is—even revolting in spots—its remarkable and unprejudiced understanding gives it great importance. Mr. Twersky is to be congratulated on a real achievement.

Fiction Notes

LOW LIFE AMONG THE HIGH: What John Coates has written in **"Faithful in My Fashion"** (Macmillan, $3.50) might, I suppose, be considered a family chronicle, but what a family and what a chronicle! Both are completely light-minded and unmoral and the events set down in a rather consciously sprightly English style are those of a racy morning tabloid. "Poker" or Henry Mahommet Bowling, twenty-sixth Baron Bowling and eighteenth Earl of Tintagil, had five wives and fifteen children, some legitimate, some not, and by a series of very curious chances, managed to keep them all under one roof. Fortunately, it is an ample roof, that of his castle Milestones, Pullover, on the borders of Warwickshire and Worcestershire, "quite a big house, begun about 1120 and none of it has ever been pulled down." The children are divided into the Gits and the Illegits and speak of each other that way.

There are actually two separate stories here and they never quite integrate. Scapegrace Poker's life is one—his many marriages and divorces, his dislike of "Ruddy Lloyd George," his scheming to evade taxes and death duties. Scapegrace daughter Lesbia, the "I" of the book, takes over the second—and I thought less suc-

(*Continued on page* 36)

Are Women as Creative as Men?

By Ashley Montagu

This article by Ashley Montagu, chairman of the anthropology department at Rutgers University, is a supplement to his book "The Natural Superiority of Women," published this spring by Macmillan.

THE time-honored allegation that women are nowhere nearly as great or original creators as men is possibly the silliest of all the foolish things that have been said about woman.

The fact is, now that they are beginning to emerge from their period of subjection to men, women are increasingly coming to be numbered among the creators of all those things which were once considered possible only for men. There is not a shred of evidence which would suggest that there is an inborn kind of genius which occurs more frequently among men than among women. There is not the least reason to suspect that the genes for genius are limited to the Y-chromosome. It is, indeed, very much more likely that if such genes exist, then they are present on the X-chromosome, and that a female would, therefore, be likely to receive a double dose of such genes (because of her two X-chromosomes), whereas a male would receive but a single dose of them (because of his single X-chromosome). But so far as the expression of such genes is concerned, it doesn't seem to work out that way.

Why, then, are there so few outstanding women creators in all those fields in which men have to their credit so many achievements?

There are many reasons why.

The principal reason is that women have been too busy living creatively, actively living the life that men could only paint or write about. Because women have lived creatively, they have rarely experienced the need to depict or write about what to them is a primary and intense experience, an experience which men at best know only at second remove and must, if they live it at all, live vicariously. Women are the natural creators—men are the artificial creators. I am speaking, of course of the creation of life and its nurturing. I will, no doubt, be told that men are also necessary for the creation of life. This is perfectly true, but unfortunately it has very largely been about as perfectly true as the statement that for certain automobile accidents to occur a hit-and-run driver is necessary. I am afraid that so far as the creation of life and its nurturing is concerned, most masculine creators have been of the hit-and-run variety. Worse than that, most men do not seem to have been interested in the creation of life, and still less in its preservation, to judge from their record of violence, slaughter, and destruction. In contrast to men, women are the cherishers of life, the lovers of humanity. All this is not to say that men cannot be so, too. They can, and I have every confidence in a future in which such men will be the rule rather than the exception—at the moment they are the exception rather than the rule.

WOMAN'S involvement in the human beings she is largely concerned with creating has been the greatest of all creative contributions to the welfare of mankind—far greater than anything any man has artificially created. Woman is endowed by nature with what is for human beings the most important quality in the world—mother love. It is when she is actively engaged in exercising this quality that she is at her most creative, for we now know that of all the vitamins which enter into the nourishment and growth of a personality the most important of all is mother love. Indeed, the mental *and* physical health of the person depends fundamentally upon the quality of love he received from his mother (the mother need not be

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the biological mother, but may be any person who successfully assumes the role of mother to the child). Fortunately for the human race, even the most ruthless of men have not been able to overcome the biological endowment of women which has enabled them to be mothers to their children. All of us are the creation of our mothers, and such good as there is in us we owe mostly to our mothers, and such evil as there may be in us we owe also mostly to the inadequacies of our mothers—but such as we are, our basic foundations were largely built within us by our mothers within the first half dozen years of our lives. And that is what most mothers have for the better part of their lives been busy creating—the foundations of humanity. They are only foundations, but they are there, and Lord only knows what they would have been without our mothers. If they had been anything like the superstructure which our fathers have helped to erect upon them, it is probable that the human race would have come to an end long ere this.

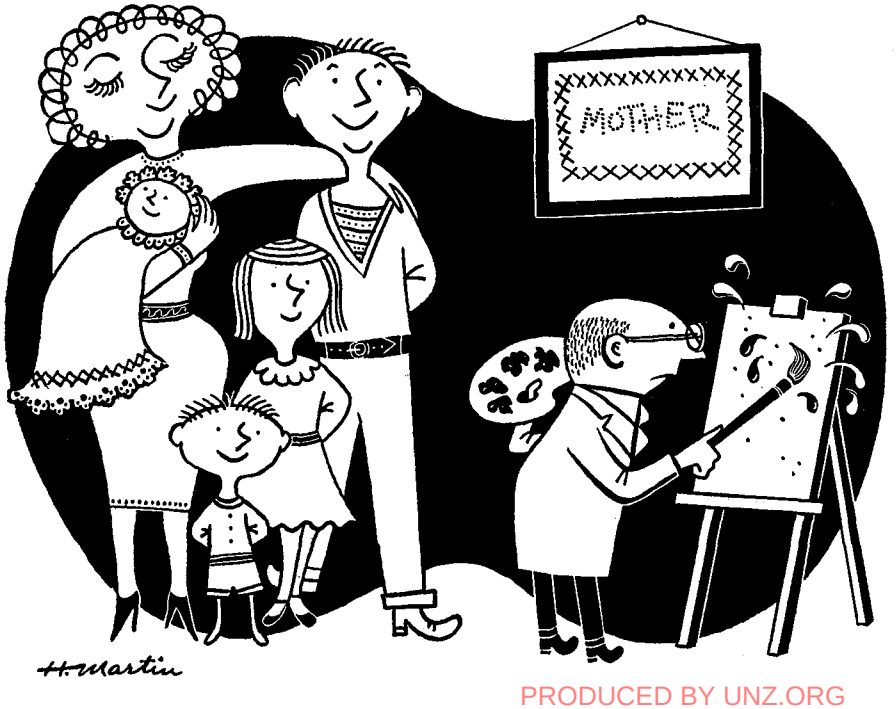
Men have stood off at a respectable distance and contemplated their women, disdainfully concluding that they have no brains and absolutely no creative powers, hence, their proper place was in the home—all the time failing to recognize that their women have been engaged in the most time-consuming of all creative tasks, the making of human beings. This is typical masculine opacity, which passes by the name of reason.

AS a matter of fact, mama usually knows a great deal more about what is going on in the world than papa; she's certainly a more interesting person to talk with. Indeed, it is notorious throughout the rest of the world that American males are, on the whole, bores in comparison with their wives, who are rightly said to be lively and intelligent.

Can anyone doubt that if women escaped their responsibilities as frequently as men do theirs in the home, and women concentrated as hard upon achievement in some other field as men do, that women would not do at least equally well? But a fair test will never come, for most women's aspirations will be directed towards motherhood rather than conspicuous achievement in some field.

The artificial creations of men are sort of substitutes for their inability to create naturally; they like to "nurse" ideas, and claim a creation of theirs with the words "that's my baby," and this may be merely more than just a way of speaking—but I shall not press the point, I throw it out for such suggestive value as it may have. There seems to be a very significant correlation between the lack of natural creativeness and the development of artificial creativeness. For example, artificially creative women, novelists, poets, dramatists, scientists, and the like, seem to be largely drawn from the ranks of those women who have been deprived of the natural creativeness of motherhood. The interested reader is invited to make a survey for himself of the creative women of history and ask himself how many have been mothers. It is also of interest to observe that many women become artificially creative after their children are grown.

There are, it would seem, a combination of factors at work here. The woman who has been denied the natural creativeness of motherhood will tend to sublimate this drive and the energies devoted to it into some form of artificial creativeness—provided the opportunity is made available for her to do so. The woman who has completed her natural period of creative motherhood must, of course, have both the time and the opportunity to devote her energies to the pleasures of artificial creation. Similarly, men deprived of the natural capacity to create compensate and overcompensate for that incapacity by concentrating their energies upon gestating and being delivered of their artificial creations.



WHAT a happy dispensation that this should be so! Woman's greatest reward in life is creative motherhood; man's is creative achievement. This is not for one moment to suggest that women cannot be creative achievers or that man cannot be creative fathers. They can, and they will increasingly become so; in this respect, as in so many others, men have a great deal to learn from women that is of the most fundamental importance for the welfare of the species. What they have to learn from women is not how to be mothers, but how to be better fathers and husbands than they have been in the past. Men have overemphasized the importance of artificial creativeness and paid insufficient attention to the natural creativeness which is going on under their noses within their own families and within which they should have been participating. The greatest creative achievement of which any human being is capable is the making of a creative, harmonic, loving human being. This is the kind of creative achievement upon which women have been concentrating their energies, insofar as men would permit them to do so. The interference in this process by men has not been altogether fortunate. The hostility of traditional "discipline," of the "spare the rod and spoil the child" type of precepts, were almost certainly the contributions of men to the task of child-rearing; the effects of such masculine ideas have been very damaging for mankind, not to mention womankind.

There have been very few men who have ever understood what is going on in the mind and body of the pregnant women, and they have understood even less what it means to give birth to a baby and to nurse it. Man's empathy with woman in these enormously important periods of her life seems strangely shallow, and often even hostile. Can this, again, be an unconscious expression of the male's jealousy of the female's natural cre-

(*Continued on page* 33)

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The Saturday Review

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Seek the Finer Flavor

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week's guest editorial is drawn from a talk that has excited national comment. It was given by George F. Kennan, former Ambassador to Russia, at a convocation at the University of Notre Dame May 15.*

THERE are forces at large in our society today that are too diffuse to be described by their association with the name of any one man or any one political concept.

They have no distinct organizational forms. They are as yet largely matters of the mind and the emotion in large masses of individuals. But they all march, in one way or another, under the banner of an alarmed and exercised anti-Communism—but an anti-Communism of a quite special variety, bearing an air of excited discovery and proprietorship, as though no one had ever known before that there was a Communist danger; as though no one had ever thought about it and taken its measure; as though it had begun about the year 1945 and these people were the first to learn of it.

I have no quarrel to pick with the ostensible purpose of the people in whom these forces are manifest. Surely, many of them are sincere. Surely, many of them have come to these views under real provocation and out of real bewilderment. But I have the deepest misgivings about the direction and effects of their efforts.

In general, I feel that what they are doing is unwise and unfortunate, and I am against it. They distort and exaggerate the dimensions of the problem with which they profess to deal. They confuse internal and external aspects of the Communist threat. They insist on portraying as contemporary realities things that had their actuality years ago. They insist on ascribing to the workings of domestic Communism evils and frustrations which, in so far as they were not part of the normal and unavoidable burden of complexity in our life, were the product of our behavior generally as a nation, and should today be the subject of humble and contrite soul-searching on the part of all of us, in a spirit of brotherhood and community, rather than of frantic and bitter recrimination.

And having thus incorrectly stated the problem, it is no wonder that these people constantly find the wrong answers. They tell us to remove our eyes from the constructive and positive purposes and to pursue with fanaticism the negative and vindictive ones. They sow timidity where there should be boldness; fear where there should be serenity; suspicion where there should be confidence and generosity. In this way they impel us—in the name of our salvation from the dangers of Communism—to many of the habits of thought and action which our Soviet adversaries, I am sure, would most like to see us adopt and which they have tried unsuccessfully over a period of some thirty-five years to graft upon us through the operations of their Communist Party.

I would not mention these things if I felt that they were only my personal concern and had no relation to the undertaking which we have gathered today to celebrate. But I fear that there is here a serious relevance which we cannot ignore.

Thanks to the vision of wise and generous people, this university is now adding one more important unit to the number of those facilities in our country in which men can cultivate their own understanding, and extend the boundaries of knowledge, in the field of arts and letters. Certainly there could be no finer undertaking and none more needed. But I feel that this undertaking, too, will have to deal at some point with the forces I have just described—that by entering upon this undertaking you will eventually find that these forces will be your concern just as they have already become the concern of some of us who have walked in other branches of life.

I FEEL this first of all because these forces are narrowly exclusive in their approach to our world position, and carry this exclusiveness vigorously into the field of international cultural exchanges. They tend to stifle the interchange of cultural impulses that is vital to the progress of the intellectual and artistic life of our people. The people in question seem to feel either that cultural values are not important at all or that America has reached the apex of cultural achievement and no longer needs in any serious way the stimulus of normal contact with other peoples in the field of arts and letters.

They look with suspicion both on the sources of intellectual and artistic activity in this country and on impulses of this nature coming to us from abroad. The remote pasts of foreign artists and scholars are anxiously scanned before they are permitted to enter our land, and this is done in proceedings so inflexible in concept and offensive in execution that their very existence often constitutes a discouragement to cultural interchange. The personal movements and affairs of great scholars and artists are thus passed upon and controlled by people who have no inkling of understanding for the work these same scholars and artists perform.

In this way, we begin to draw about ourselves a cultural curtain similar in some respects to the Iron Curtain of our adversaries. In doing so, we tend to inflict upon ourselves a species of cultural isolation and provincialism wholly out of accord with the traditions of our nation and destined, if unchecked, to bring to our intellectual and artistic life the same sort of sterility from which the cultural world of our Communist adversaries is already suffering.

A second reason why I think you will have to concern yourselves with the forces to which I have pointed is that within the framework of our society, as in its relations to external environment, the tendency of these forces is exclusive and intolerant—quick to reject, slow to receive, intent on discovering what ought *not* to be rather than what *ought* to be. They claim the right to define a

(*Continued on page* 38)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THOUGHTS ON A SINKING SHIP

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH quotes George Orwell in *SR* April 25: "When you are on a sinking ship, your thoughts will be about sinking ships." Is that really true?

Seems to me there is a difference between being conscious of a total situation and thinking about it. The captain and a few other officers of a sinking ship may have their thoughts centered on the whole picture. That is their business. The crew will be busy, concentrated on carrying out their well-drilled duties of abandoning ship. And saving their own lives, too, of course. The passengers probably have one thought foremost—saving of their lives. How many, at that moment, give a damn or realize the entire consequences of the disaster or the factors that caused it?

And incidentally, I doubt if the very ones who sneer at "mere survivors" spend their whole waking time thinking about what a fix the world is in. They must have to give occasional thought to what they will eat, wear, do or not do here and now in their own little spots on earth. We can be aware of and horrified at the state of things without talking about it every time we open our mouths or start hitting the typewriter keys. There are always interesting, charming or amusing vignettes to be dug out of any picture—and well worth the digging, too.

LAURA RETTING WHITE.

San Bernardino, Calif.

CALLIOPE AT WORK

TO OGDEN THE GREAT

(I Wish He'd Stop Writing) [*SR* April 11]

Let's drink a toast to Ogden Nash,
The bard whose wit seems ne'er
surpassed—
Here's to the Muses' Mr. Nash—
When will I read his work, the last?

Let's sip some brew to Ogden's Zoo.
(I wrote one, too, with lines that glint.)
They published Ogden's light zoo's who—
I doubt that mine will e'er see print.

And here's to Oggie's rhymes and Versus
O'errunning with his witty quips—
I read these all with grin and curses
For I get back rejection slips.
So here's to you, dear Mr. Og,
Though it is to be debated,
Whether you—you poetry hog
Are really Armour-plated.

ROBERT LYNN.

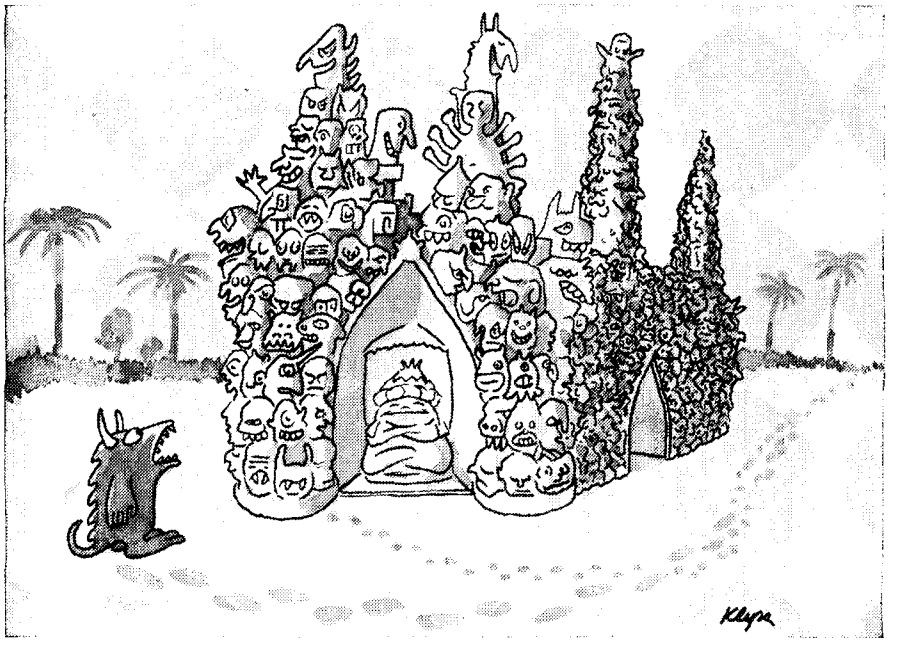
Newark, N. J.

IN PRAISE OF EMILY

WHILE BURGES JOHNSON'S "Inspired and Uninspired Writers" [*SR* April 25] is generally good, he has done disservice to Emily Dickinson. In the same paragraph in which he accuses her of "literary indolence" he has misquoted one of her best-known poems, suggesting at least a little literary indolence on his own part. The poem is "I *like* a look of agony," not "I *love*." He calls her poetry "unexpanded" because interpretation of it is left up to the reader. I was under the impression that one of the essentials of great poetry was its quality of making the reader give something of himself to its appreciation. And Emily Dickinson did not simply jot down her poems "without expansion by any of the devices of the poet's craft"; all her editors have complained about the great number of alternate words and phrases and stanzas which disfigure her manuscripts. The Dickinson technique was distillation of ideas to the barest essence, not "lack of interest in craftsmanship." It was a woman far from being a "mute inglorious Milton" who could state "I found the phrase to every thought I ever had, but one . . ."

DAVID J. M. HIGGINS.

Cambridge, Mass.



"Johnny, you come right down from there!"

FALL OF ROME

PROFESSOR ROBINSON'S ARTICLE "Rome's Last Chance" [*SR* March 21] leaves the problem of the fall of Rome somewhat more up in the air than necessary.

The monarchs of Rome, beginning with Julius Caesar, relied for their political support on the proletariat and the army. The proletariat were given the famous "dole" which came to include bread, pork, and wine. But these elements in society did not produce food. Food supply was easy enough at first but as more and more agricultural workers moved to the cities, preferring to receive food rather than produce it, supply became a difficult problem. Eventually agricultural workers were bound to the land, the origin of the institution of serfdom which lasted in Western Europe for many centuries. But producing food by compulsion required a vast bureaucracy which in turn drew more men from agriculture. Because the Emperor's forces were so largely engaged in policing his subjects, the barbarians finally took over by default.

Professor Robinson says that "the political welfare of a state is dependent in the last analysis upon the condition of the lowest class within its borders." However, the urban poor were given the dole. He also refers to Rome as an "aristocratic class society and government."

The government was autocratic—what Professor Robinson refers to as the aristocracy were the chief officials. They were closely watched by the Emperor's secret police and numerous informers. Although Professor Robinson says "only the unusual individual could pierce the inner circle (of the aristocracy)," the turnover was in fact very great. The Emperors were continually putting aristocrats to death and confiscating their property. The aristocracy as it existed at the death of Commodus was practically obliterated, partly by the subsequent civil war and partly by Septimius Severus, the first Emperor thereafter able to consolidate his position.

My own conclusion is that the fall of Rome shows the evils of the absence of restraint on the personal power of the chief of state, and of undue favoritism to the urban masses and the bureaucracy.

C. DICKERMAN WILLIAMS.

Washington, D. C.

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A Neglected Master

By Iris Barry

The former curator of the Museum of Modern Art's Film Library finds ***"The World of Robert Flaherty," by Richard Griffith*** *(Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 165 pp. $5) a warm and revealing portrait of the great master of the art of the film.*

ADVENTURES such as small boys dream of came about quite naturally to Robert Flaherty. He did not have to run away from home; he was taken by his own father into the far Canadian wilderness and lived there a whole year, the only boy in camp among miners, prospectors, and Indians. It would be hard to imagine a more enviable start in life, and it happily had the result of making him feel forever perfectly at home anywhere in the world.

During the remaining fifty-odd years of his existence, he was to see and to live in many outlandish places and to bring back from them something vastly more rare and precious than gold or iron ore. Almost by chance, he quickly gave up prospecting for metal in order to make motion pictures—his "Nanook" and "Moana" and "Louisiana Story" are known the world over—because there was something which he kept rediscovering on his travels that he wanted to tell about, and the film medium suited him well. In a sense, it was he who eminently discovered its deepest potentialities. He employed it not in order to fabricate fictions but to raise a song of praise to the beauty of the real world and to the innate virtue of man. This song of his was a very old-fashioned one and seemed even out-of-date, so that while his life was a good life and packed with adventure and joy, it may not seem to have been a success story.

That Flaherty was a rare man and of heroic quality, Richard Griffith makes clear in his joyful elegy, "The World of Robert Flaherty." Mr. Griffith is curator of the Museum of Modern Art's Film Library and he has made admirable use of the Flaherty photographs, memorabilia, and most of his films that are now preserved there. Indeed, Mr. Griffith displays such reserve and modesty that few readers may realize how closely and how long he himself was intimately associated with "the father of the documentary film" and with his family—a huge family that stretched far beyond kinship.

For Flaherty, like the lady in Gertrude Stein's "Four Saints" was, as one now best remembers him, always "seated and surrounded." There was much of the chieftain, of the patriarch in the man: he drew many people of many kinds to him—other travelers, but also cartographers, actors, journalists, business magnates, beautiful or witty women, a stray physicist passing through New York, or just simply people. As the author recalls: "At the Coffee House Club [which was one of Flaherty's principal hang-outs] being served at his table was as if you took the food as a gift from his hands, you must always have another drink, just one, and above all things you mustn't go home . . . He felt instinctively that everything created by man belonged to everybody, a vast pool on which all were free to draw." Flaherty was a very great and curiously simple host with a quality of gregariousness that was infectious. Those around him became one another's friends at first meeting. I remember being summoned out of bed by him by telephone quite late one night during the war because he had somehow happened upon a party of four stalwart members of the Norwegian Resistance who were passing through New York and it was essential to entertain these amiable strangers royally, afterwards take them to Harlem too, at dawn bring them back past the splendor of the George Washington Bridge . . . This was only one of the so many gay but curiously decorous white nights which he improvised.

IT seems well to revert here to Griffith's close association and disciplehood with Flaherty in order to emphasize the discretion with which he writes this biography. As far as may be, it is marvelously objective As much as possible, it draws upon the actual accounts of Flaherty himself, of Flaherty's wife, of Pat Mullen who was his chief aide during the making of "Man of Aran"—all of it firsthand stuff, more eloquent than any retelling could ever be. In effect, these passages describe how Flaherty made his films, what he was trying to get on the screen and how he got it. This is not a book about the films themselves (though the seventy photographs included recall them brilliantly) or a book of film criticism; it is the portrait of a man at work.

"The World of Robert Flaherty" is full of good stories and rich in passages so vivid that it is a hard task to select one to quote rather than another. Among the stories is a memorable one that tells how the famous

—The Museum of Modern Art.

Robert Flaherty on location—"adventures came quite naturally."

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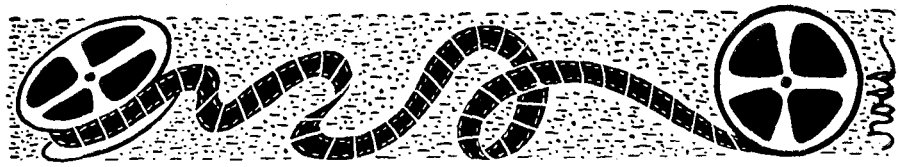
showman, Roxy, was inveigled into launching the film "Nanook"; it is wildly illuminating, very funny, and distinctly wry. For Flaherty always had tremendous difficulty in getting his films shown. It was hard to get financial backing in order to make them. His first picture was paid for, not by any film company, but by Revillon Frères, the furriers, and his last one by Standard Oil. In between times, his occasional contacts with the regular motion picture producers were difficult or disastrous. As for getting the pictures shown, once made, that was even harder. He was an outsider, his films fitted into no accepted box-office tradition, and, in the end, they came to be seen by the thousands of people everywhere who have loved them only by some weird kind of osmosis. Griffith describes without undue indignation the sort of obstacle-race that they ran.

THROUGHOUT almost all of his professional life, his wife, Frances Hubbard Flaherty, was his very close partner and collaborator. As Griffith writes: "How they worked together neither could exactly explain, but you could sense a bit of it if you watched a Flaherty scene being filmed. In the foreground, standing beside the cameraman or at the camera himself, stood Flaherty, gesticulating, cajoling, encouraging, cursing. Somewhere off to one side there was usually a motionless figure with a light meter in one hand and a camera in the other, silently snapping her own record of the scene . . . Together, at night, the two of them would pore over her still pictures, shuffling them like a pack of cards, sorting and resorting them in search of clues to the beauty and drama their movie cameras needed."

So it went in Samoa, on the Aran Islands off the wild west Irish coast, in Mysore, in the bayou country of Louisiana. The Flaherty camera turned its penetrating eye on the people of each place as they went about their lives, it photographed tirelessly, endlessly. Afterwards in the projection room, Flaherty composed his film from the miles of moving images "as the underlying pattern emerged for him." All of his work was done with love and out of intuition; and all of the films reveal the goodness of people. They are the most beautiful of films yet made. The paradox, as his biographer points out quietly towards the close of this book, was that for too many years of his life, as at the time of his death in 1951, this very great master of the most characteristically American art found no employment whatsoever.



Tactics of the Close-up

By Herman G. Weinberg

Bela Balazs's "Theory of the Film" *(Roy Publishers. 291 pp. $5) newly translated by Edith Bone, deserves a place beside the works of Sergei Eisenstein as Mosaic laws for the motion picture as an art form.*

SPYROS SKOURAS, grand mogul of 20th Century-Fox, recently stated that with the advent of CinemaScope, the wide screen his company is sponsoring, "At last we'll parallel the theatre—and maybe surpass it." Twenty-eight years ago, a great man of the theatre, Max Reinhardt, said, after seeing "Potemkin," "Now the theatre will have to give way to the cinema." Thus, to Reinhardt, CinemaScope would be a retrogression if its function was to parallel the theatre. Obviously, both men understood cinema as totally different things.

Bela Balazs, the pioneer Hungarian film writer and critic, and dean of all film theoreticians, understood it as Reinhardt did, as a unique art having absolutely no relation to the theatre whatsoever. His "Theory of the Film" is a grammar-lexicon-"Rosetta Stone" on what differentiates the film from the theatre by promulgating an esthetic for the film and analyzing that esthetic so lucidly as to dissolve even the Olympian mists of Eisenstein's complex intellectuality on the same subject. "Nevertheless," states Herbert Marshall, in his brief but pertinent preface to Balazs's book, "both Balazs and Eisenstein were traveling to the same goal, towards an aesthetic of film art."

"A theory which demonstrates the direction and purpose of the intrinsic laws of development . . . will be not only an *a posteriori* theory, summing up foregone conclusions, but an initiating theory pointing into the future and drawing charts for unknown oceans for some future Columbus," writes Balazs. "It will be an inspiring theory that will fire the imagination of future seekers for new worlds and creators of new arts."

And: "A good film director does not permit the spectator to look at a scene at random. He leads our eye inexorably from detail to detail . . . placing his emphasis where he sees it, and thus not only shows but at the same time interprets the picture."

These two quotes, from the general to the specific, will give you the range of the book. There is, however, so much more of both, all of which is set down with crystal clarity and an utter lack of fustian, that a reviewer is tempted merely to quote at random from this largesse of cinema wisdom and rest his case on that:

"The film can, by no means of angle and set-up, choose and stress those outlines of every object which lend it a living, characteristic physiognomy . . . In everyday life we usually don't see them at all. Custom spreads a veil over our eyes. Baudelaire wrote: '. . . What is not deformed is not perceptible.' Only by [such] means . . . can old, familiar, and therefore never seen things hit our eye with new impressions."

On dubbing: "Every language has inseparably pertaining to it a play of features characteristic of the people speaking the given language. To speak English and accompany the speech with Italian gestures is a monstrosity and the audience feels this."

On three-dimensional films: "It will make editing more difficult . . . [and] will demand a very different set of rules."

On color: "It cannot essentially change the dramaturgical structure of a film, it can only sometimes enhance the significance of certain scenes."

And so on, covering every phase of the film as we know it today, except, of course, CinemaScope and other variations of the wide screen like Cinerama, etc., which he did not envision and which, doubtless, would have startled Balazs. (He died a few years ago.) What he would have had to say about that can only be conjectured. But his passion for film as an art was so real and so grounded, not in an intellectual vacuum (like so much of the "experimental," "avant-garde" theorist-practitioners), but in the needs of the everyday movie audience groping for identification with this new art, that it seems safe to say he would have sorted "the chaff from the wheat" and out of this "wheat" formulated the laws governing the baking of "cinematic bread."

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Dance of the Reels

By Leo Rosten

Mr. Rosten, who has known Hollywood as a film writer and as the author of a memorable sociological study, "Hollywood: The Movie Colony, The Movie Makers," takes another look at the Weltanschauung *of the cinema capital as it is disclosed in* ***Mervyn LeRoy's "It Takes More Than Talent"*** *(Knopf. 300 pp. $3.95).*

THE economic blows of television rain upon Hollywood without mercy: movie receipts decline, production is drawn and quartered, unemployment is unprecedented, and the movie-makers bounce from private panic to public three-dementia. But you would not get the faintest glimmer of this from the galloping optimism which is the most engaging characteristic of Mervyn LeRoy's "It Takes More Than Talent."

This buoyant, boyish testament of faith reads like a tape-recording of an evening with an exceedingly well-informed native of an industry that is allergic to data which do not conform to its own sense of magic. "It Takes More Than Talent" is credited to Mr. LeRoy "as told to Alyce Canfield," with a foreword by Louis B. Mayer, a jacket rave by Louella Parsons, and no comment from Hedda Hopper.

The book is intended to be a guide on how to get a job (any job) in movies, and in this it is without peer—remarkably complete and reeling with know-how. It's larger value lies in its revelation of the mind and values of a man who typifies, as well as anyone alive, the norms and the practices of Hollywood. Mr. LeRoy is the distinguished director of "Little Caesar," "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," "Little Women," "They Won't Forget," "The Wizard of Oz," and (oops!) "Quo Vadis." He has had virtually no life or roots outside of Hollywood. From a sternly untutored boyhood, and a stint falling out of a tree in a bit-part for a stage play, Mr. LeRoy spent thirty-seven uninterrupted years within a ten-mile radius of Sunset and Vine. At fifty-three, he still looks and talks like the Kid from Hollywood.

He is the professional par excellence, a craftsman, a technician whose films are said to have grossed over one billion dollars for the studios. Even when he was getting $6,000 a week, he was a kind, sentimental, unpretentious man who seemed to be passing through an adolescent phase. He is pure Hollywood, picture-minded and picture-bounded, in love with his work, entranced by everything connected with it, grateful for his fame and fortune. His low-down is sensible and shrewd, but garnished with homilies that would probably not appeal to Reinhold Niebuhr: "Sell yourself on the magic of Hollywood. You can succeed under your own steam. Just keep to the straight line. Keep your eye on the ball." His motive force is a blissful and naive faith: "There *is* a magic wand for everyone who has ever had a dream. There is a way, a short-cut to the end of the rainbow."

Mr. LeRoy insists, somewhat surprisingly, that it is a fatal disadvantage to be related to a producer. He is a cousin of Jesse Lasky. This misfortune forced him to enter a studio in the moth-ball department, and the cousinly curse kept him from getting promoted to the sound stages until he had to resort to the extreme measure of speaking to Mr. Lasky several times.

On a more meaningful level, Mr. LeRoy's book reveals the unyielding pressures which drive those who succeed in movies—the total saturation of the self in the universe of pictures, the uncritical exaltation of the maudlin, the absolute dedication to a group, the total immersion of mind and spirit in the world and idiom of Hollywood.

The quality Mr. LeRoy values most highly is "Heart." There is, indeed, scarcely a run of 500 words which does not contain some tribute to this rare and god-given attribute. Colleen Moore had heart; Esther Williams shows heart; Bob Hope, "though a fine artist," is "tops" because he has heart; Victor Fleming, Ray Bolger, Bert Lahr, E. Y. Harburg—all have heart. Mr. LeRoy's clinching argument is indisputable: "You can't make a warm picture with cold people."

He is humble before the basic virtues: Love and Courage. As an example of the latter, he describes how he sent Judy Garland to the dentist, at MGM's expense, to have her teeth fixed so she could play Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz." And the tribute he lays at her feet suggests that, like many another child of films, Mr. LeRoy sometimes regards the real world through the smaller end of the telescope. "She was a game youngster, and though the dentist wasn't fun, she had her teeth fixed."

Students of American mores will find invaluable insights in Mr. LeRoy's normative structure: "The 'Mona Lisa' is one of the greatest pictures the world has ever known, but more people have seen Lana Turner. My answer to that is: people want entertainment. If 'The Blue Boy' sang like Jolson, they'd go to see him. Or if 'Mona Lisa' looked like Hedy Lamarr, more people would go to the Louvre. Hollywood was crazy to make a picture like 'Mourning Becomes Electra'."

For Mr. LeRoy is one of the fortunate souls who hold fast, without uncertainty or anguish, to the abiding and simple values of a simpler time. He is playing on his own home ground when he sings this memorable defiance of the critical: "The cynics are always with us—those who say Hollywood cannot face reality, that everything must be glossed over and made unreal. What the cynics do not realize is that dreams are often more real than reality."

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 519

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 519 will be found in the next issue.

MAFOMC LG XCBAFXG DAC

XGCHRNOKP NQ SNR TACO

AC RLR OND TFOD DN GLSO.

FOFDNWC QBFOMC

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 518

A proverb is a short sentence based on long experience.

—CERVANTES.

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Robin High-Jumps

By Stanley Walker

Before taking to the wider spaces of Texas, Mr. Walker chronicled the didoes of the Twenties ("Mrs. Astor's Horse," etc.) Here he reviews an engaging book about a folk hero of that era, ***"Douglas Fairbanks: The Fourth Musketeer," by Ralph Hancock and Letitia Fairbanks*** *(Holt. 276 pp. $3.50).*

GOOD old Doug Fairbanks, that ebullient and often utterly charming idol of another generation, would have been seventy years old, an incredible age for him, if he had lived until this year. He died of a wornout heart, a tired and bewildered has-been, one night in December 1939, in a cottage on a California beach, alone except for a bull mastiff which sat by his bedside.

In "Douglas Fairbanks: The Fourth Musketeer" Ralph Hancock, who has written much of Latin America and the motion picture industry, and Letitia Fairbanks, a niece of Douglas Fairbanks (she is the handsome daughter of Doug's brother Robert, who was associated with him in business for many years) tell of the rise and fall of one of the towering figures of the era of silent pictures. For those who knew Fairbanks, or who remember his stirring pictures, it is full of a sad nostalgia; for the newcomers it is bound to provoke wonderment and even incredulity. The great man is pretty much forgotten now; when he was blazing across the horizon he seemed, in truth, to be the man who had everything.

It is a story told with considerable affection, but the authors do not in any way attempt to gloss over the less admirable traits of Douglas Fairbanks. He had many fine qualities: he could be a generous, staunch friend; his smile, his elan, his obvious decency, made him a sort of folk hero in his day, for he appealed to something noble and romantic that lies deep in the human heart, something which all the ugliness of the times and all the world's sadness, somehow can never wholly erase. Millions felt better for having seen him in his swashbuckling films; his friends felt better when he was somewhere around.

And yet there was a peculiar hollowness about him. His streak of ham was very wide indeed. It was part of his nature, which he recognized right enough, to be an incurable show-off. He traveled much, in wholly pointless fashion. He was fond of the presence of celebrities, even the decaying remnants of old English and European families. He seemed to be devoid of inner resources, so that when he saw that he was on the downgrade he threw himself into a pointless, senseless way of life that made the pathetic end inevitable. His marriage with Mary Pickford went on the rocks. And this figure of high glamour this embodiment of all the manly and chivalric virtues, became a silly, middle-aged woman-chaser.

Douglas Fairbanks possessed considerable talent of a peculiar sort, though as an actor he had many deficiencies. Beginning with his boyhood in Denver, he was acrobatic, a tree climber, and a scaler of housetops. His physical agility and dexterity waned little except toward the end of his life. He was a competent archer, a fair boxer and wrestler, and he mastered many strange and difficult stunts. He never had to hire a double for any of his hair-raising didoes.

He was a pretty good actor in romantic juvenile parts when the motion pictures found him. The rest is history—told here picture by picture. Because of his lavish spending and his period costume personality, many persons leaped to the conclusion that he had little business sense; nothing could have been further from the truth. He may have lacked depth, but he knew how to make money. He made a profit of $5,000,000 from one picture, "Robin Hood," when allegedly wiser heads had predicted it would be a failure. When he was riding high, wide and handsome he paid himself $10,000 a week, and the profits on top of this were enormous.

It was always onward and upward, until, with a brutality that he could not quite grasp, the inevitable saturation point was reached. From then on it was to be a journey downhill, and the country on that trail was lonesome and barren. He couldn't take it. But, one might ask before judging the poor fellow too harshly, who can?

Kiss a Gorilla?

By Hollis Alpert

Arthur Mayer's "Merely Colossal" *(Simon & Schuster. 246 pp. $3.50) is an anecdote-laden volume of reminiscences by a man who achieved fame and fortune by exhibiting the best—and worst—films on the market.*

ARTHUR MAYER, once known as Broadway's Merchant of Menace, has had well over thirty years of varied servitude in the motion picture business, and "Merely Colossal" is, largely, a book about his experiences in it. These experiences range from employment as a salesman for Goldwyn's movies, handling the advertising campaigns that helped to establish Mae West and Marlene Dietrich firmly in the consciousness of the public, running a theatre that played only bad pictures and, paradoxically, importing some of Europe's best films. His activities, further, have carried him into consultation work for the government, and he has also acted as a sort of censor (on behalf of Military Government) of films shown in postwar Germany. Obviously a man who knows a lot about the business. Mr. Mayer is also known for his opinions, in both printed and conversational form, and his book contains a full measure of them, most of them dealing with the realm of motion pictures, and some, I suspect, pronounced more for effect than out of strict belief. Come out from behind those jaundiced words, one feels like saying to him every now and then. Mr. Mayer, however, can be understood and forgiven for his occasional cynicism; he spent a lot of time in his earlier movie years figuring out how to get a maximum number of patrons into a theatre and getting the same patrons out again in a minimum amount of time.

The subtitle of his book is "The Story of the Movies from the Long Chase to the Chaise Longue" (don't worry, he can be a lot funnier than that), and one might be misled into the assumption that he had a history of sorts in mind. As history, however, the book is sketchy, more anecdotal than purely factual, and it manages to neglect an astonishing number of personalities, as well as many of the important developments in the onward if not upward growth of the industry. Mr. Mayer never neglects, however, to be interesting. What he does, in addition, is give a valuable, and often very keen, inside view of the picture business, seen not from Hollywood's angle but from the viewpoints of the distributor, exhibitor, and advertising

(*Continued on page* 34)

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Seeing Things

THE SUN AND THE STARS

WHEN he was in his thirties, Norris Houghton, the author and director, once observed that the theatre is a time of life. By this he meant the theatre really belongs to the young. When we are young, and only then, it captivates us completely and appears not as a substitute for life but as life itself, and life at its most exciting.

Make-believe possesses for the youthful who are stagestruck a reality which reality cannot claim. The outside world is shut off by an asbestos curtain as impenetrable as the Iron. News stories about politics, international events, or economic conditions may be scanned by those who have come under the theatre's spell. But for them each day's real news is that dealing with the stage. No matter how small the type in which it is printed, it somehow stands out in headlines. Then, little by little as the years accumulate, reality intrudes upon pretense and proves the more absorbing. Spotlights begin to be dimmed by sunlight, and the passion that was once all-consuming subsides into an affection which, to put it mildly, is controllable.

This, if I understand him correctly, is what Mr. Houghton meant when he said the theatre is a time of life. And so it is, even if Mr. Houghton denies his theory in his own career. He remains as stagestruck in his forties as he was in his thirties or, for that matter, in his twenties.

He is not alone. Fortunately for the theatre there are people, and many of them, who never get the theatre out of their blood. Among these none could be more resiliently stagestruck in their different ways than Eva Le Gallienne and Ward Morehouse. They cannot get enough theatre. They have given their lives to it—the one as an actress, director, manager, translator and interpreter of Ibsen, founder of the famous Civic Repertory Theatre, and dauntless champion of repertory ever since; the other as a columnist, critic, incurable first-nighter, sometime actor, occasional playwright, and author of four books in which he has zestfully recorded his love affair with the stage. In their fifties they care for the theatre with all the intensity with which they surrendered to it in their teens. Moreover, both of them in their recent autobiographies have stated this passion in terms as refreshing as they are winning.

Miss Le Gallienne in the course of "With a Quiet Heart" (Viking. 311 pp. $4.50) may, in connection with her production of "Madame Capet" in 1938, toss off such a disillusioned phrase as "while at that time I still enjoyed playing." Mr. Morehouse near the end of "Just the Other Day" (McGraw-Hill. 240 pp. $4.00) may insist that he does not want "to live on and on in New York until I'm too venerable to battle for a taxi, climb the subway stairs, ride the escalator, or walk down a theatre aisle." But neither statement should be taken too seriously. The chances of Miss Le Gallienne's ever being tired of acting are luckily as remote as the possibilities of Mr. Morehouse's ever disentangling himself from the glamor of Broadway.

Miss Le Gallienne's life was, as she says, broken in two in 1931 by a nightmarish accident. In "At 33," the inspiring chronicle of her youth, her rise to stardom, and her years at the Civic Repertory, she touched upon this accident briefly. "In an explosion at my house in the country," she said, "I was badly injured."

In "With a Quiet Heart," which she was tempted to call "Plus 20," she goes into the details of what happened when the hot-water heater exploded at her home in Westport, Connecticut. She was terribly burned, and nowhere more horribly than in her hands, which she had raised by instinct to protect her face. She remembers when the bandages, shaped like boxing-gloves, were taken off she saw "two masses of tumefied flesh, utterly shapeless, and with no trace of fingers or bone-structure of any kind." Quite naturally, she wondered if, in spite of the doctor's reassurance, she would ever be able to use her hands again. Miss Le Gallienne, however, is not a person whose vocabulary includes the word "defeat." Within a few years, and after many painful operations, she had not only mastered a new technique of gesturing but was receiving letters from many people, including sculptors, painters, and photographers, praising the beauty of her hands. Her triumph over her accident is characteristic of her whole nature and career.

Miss Le Gallienne says that "With a Quiet Heart" should not be considered a continuation of her first book because she is not the same person who wrote "At 33." She feels she is less interested in action and more interested in experience, less opinionated, less confident, less flamboyant. But one thing is certain. Her spirit is as indomitable as it ever was, her courage as great.

I NEVER knew before the story of Miss Le Gallienne's turning circus rider. Although she tells it modestly, as if anyone under the same circumstances would have done what she did, it seems to me to typify everything that is dauntless in her character and her approach to the theatre. When she had recovered sufficiently from her accident, she went to Paris. There she became an habituée of the *Cirque d'Hiver* where the Fratellini Brothers were playing. Her enthusiasm for these great clowns was such that, after she had struck up an acquaintance with a member of their troupe, she got permission to attend a rehearsal without letting anyone know who she was.

She watched a run-through of an equestrian number intended to suggest an English fox-hunt. Six young women were supposed to mount their horses rapidly and in unison, circle the ring once, jump a very low fence, and then make a dashing exit. But since two of the girls could not get on their horses at all, the ringmaster was in a foul temper. He swore at them until they fled from the ring. Then he looked at the few stray people sitting in the amphitheatre and in despair called for volunteers. Miss Le Gallienne confesses that she suddenly found herself standing in the center of the ring with no recollection of how she got there. A young groom was ordered to give her his riding pants. She was pushed behind a curtain and struggled into them. Then, scared stiff, she reappeared in the ring.

"Allons, allons! Dépêchons, mademoiselle!" came the voice.

Suddenly Miss Le Gallienne thought of her hands and wondered how well she could handle the reins. She had on gloves because at that time she was scarcely ever without them. She took up her position and the music started. At the sound of the whistle the girls were supposed

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to mount. Miss Le Gallienne stroked her horse's muzzle and whispered a prayer. He danced a bit and was quiet. She heard a voice shout, "*Alerte!*" Then came the whistle, and Miss Le Gallienne remembers nothing until she found herself dismounting with the others out by the stables. She had, however, landed the job, was congratulated by the ringmaster, and, her identity still unrevealed, she was paid twenty-five francs a performance for the weeks she stayed with the show.

The straight story line that led from her desertion of Broadway stardom at the moment of her youthful triumph in "The Swan" to her memorable and gallant fight for the establishment of the Civic Repertory at popular prices on Fourteenth Street is lacking in "With a Quiet Heart." Yet there are compensations in this account of a phase of her life which is more haphazard in its events.

Miss Le Gallienne has by no means abandoned repertory. Although economic necessity may have driven her into vaudeville, lecturing, or readings, or forced her to accept what for her was the ordeal of such a long run as "Uncle Harry," she has never ceased to approach the stage as a crusader. Her failure to establish the American Repertory Theatre with Margaret Webster and others does not mean that she has given up her dream of repertory or her conviction that a playhouse can contribute the same service to a community which a public library does.

Miss Le Gallienne's courage no more fails her in her judgment of her contemporaries than in the standards she sets for herself. When writing about performers she admires, such as Bernhardt, Duse, Ina Claire, Bobby Clark, the Fratellinis, Joseph Schildkraut, or Marlon Brando, she discusses them and their work with a loving and communicated warmth. She pulls no punches and shows sharp critical discernment when, with disapproval, she discusses such figures as David Belasco, Philip Moeller, or Mary Boland. She brings the backstage knowledge that only an actress could to her analysis of the differences between the craftsmanship of Ibsen and Chekhov and the totally dissimilar problems each presents in production. If "With a Quiet Heart" reads easily and well, it is because Miss Le Gallienne's writing skill is equal to the ardor, the intelligence, and the intensity that animate her love of life as she has lived it in the theatre.

WARD MOREHOUSE's love for the stage is no less chronic and no less contagious. Anyone who has read his column in *The Sun* or the *World-Telegram* knows his skill as an interviewer, the frankness of his verdicts, and his inexhaustible fondness for Broadway as it is at present or as it was in "the good old days." Anyone acquainted with Mr. Morehouse is amazed by the jet propulsion with which he lives and works and whirls off at a moment's notice in all directions around the globe. If he collects legends, he creates them. No Northerner can accuse this Georgian of being a lazy Southerner. I can think of few Yankees who are his equals in energy. He is a fabulous character, grandiose yet simple, high-strung but kind-hearted, and essentially loving and lovable.

Mr. Morehouse has written well before about the American scene and the American stage but never so well as in "Just the Other Day." His prose this time is the kind of prose which needs no support from datelines. It is warm, easy, colloquial, and yet possessed of an engaging and effortless rhythm of its own. He is writing under no pressure except the pressure of deep-rooted affections.

He re-creates his youth in Georgia with the skill of a novelist. His portrait of Charles Richmond, the aging itinerant Shakespearean reader who persuaded him to accompany him on his tours, and hence changed Mr. Morehouse's life, is admirable and could be tucked into "Nicholas Nickleby" as a postscript to the Crummles family. No one I know of has written more graphically about his journalistic apprenticeship than Mr. Morehouse has about his days and nights on the *Atlanta Journal* when Laurence Stallings, Margaret Mitchell, and Harold Ross were on its staff. Certainly no one has written more poignantly about the death of a great newspaper than Mr. Morehouse when, from the heart, he describes the death of *The Sun*.

How newcomers to the Broadway scene will feel about Mr. Morehouse's tributes to Maude Adams, Edward Sheldon, Pinero, William Gillette, Al Woods, Jeanne Eagels, Alexander Woollcott, Avery Hopwood, Winchell Smith, or Samuel Shipman, I cannot guess. But I do know that, for anyone who has shared the theatrical years which Mr. Morehouse celebrates, a kind of purring satisfaction is to be had from his swift evocations of figures belonging to a glamorous past.

Plainly for Mr. Morehouse and Miss Le Gallienne, dissimilar as are their approaches to it, the theatre is not a time of life which can be measured by the calendar. It is a good time which they share with all.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

O Strange Event!

NO MATTER how much we tell ourselves that we should like children's theatre, the actuality usually turns out a tedious business. Even the highly praised production of "Peter Pan" a couple of seasons ago was, for sophisticated adults at least, pretty much tricks and syrup.

However, children acting in a play designed for adults is a different matter. Some of the best performances of this kind have come in such motion pictures as "The Fallen Idol," "The Rocking-horse Winner," and "Forbidden Games." On the stage, such plays as "Member of the Wedding," "The Innocents," and "The King and I" have proved that this kind of children's performance can be an exciting event.

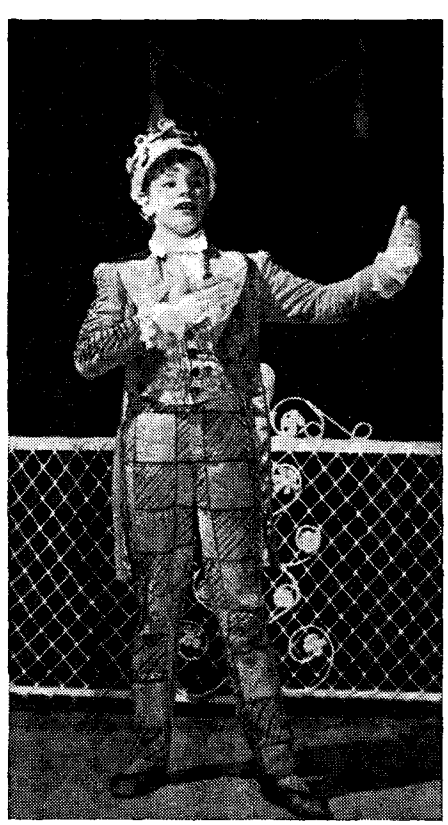
But it is not necessary to select only these recent works as proof. For the past thirty years here in New York the King-Coit School has been staging productions acted entirely by children which many of our theatre-wisest people have regarded as an annual treat. If, as already suggested, we are not to be put off by the word "children," let us also not be deceived by the word "school." Miss Dorothy Coit and Miss Edith King are perfectionists fanatic in their devotion to the principle that a child has unlimited capacity and will take on the best or the worst in music, art, and literature, depending on which he is offered.

This year's presentation, a revival of "The Rose and the Ring," written as a Christmas pantomime by Thackeray in 1854, is a case in point. Performed to sold-out houses, but with a murderous $4,000 deficit, at the Cosmopolitan Club on East 65th Street, there is nothing shabby or careless about the production. The stage is a gleaming octagonal arena enclosed by a meticulous white fence, and up above it hangs a fringed carousel canopy. One side of the octagon opens out into a high-walled passageway, through which the young gladiators make their entrances.

After an overture performed with flute, oboe, and guitar, Mr. Titmarsh enters in a top hat and tight-fitting pantaloons. He strides dominantly but respectfully about the arena introducing the story in slow, considered tones, but with a merry smile and a twinkling eye that tells us he, like Thackeray, is amused at the absurdities of the fairy tale. An old professional at the age of six, Gregory Stone—who plays the role—never rushes but lets the audience and the actors wait his pleasure.

When Mr. Titmarsh is quite ready he calls for the garden set and retires to his tiny white campstool from which he watches the action between narrations. Four little footmen with wigs on their heads and bells on their knee-breeches roll in the furniture and the statuary, all the time maintaining the measured gait of polite ponies. Then the story begins with its parade of individual characters, each in rich and colorful costumes. There is the frilly Countess Gruffanuff, played with expert precision by Roni Dengel (aged 10). By the use of her eyes and the parasol she carries, Miss Dengel aptly suggests the coquettish insincerity of the Countess.

There is Valoroso, usurping king of Paflagonia, played with snobbish disdain by Christopher Cowles (aged 10). The moment at which he asks himself, "Why did I steal my nephew's, my young Giglio's—? 'Steal!' said I? No, no, no, not steal, not steal. Let me withdraw that odious expression. I *took*, and on my manly head I set the royal crown of Paflagonia," is splendid satire of adult rationalization. The occasion when Prince Bulbo is about to have his head chopped off pending a last-second reprieve from Valoroso is turned into a riotous spoof of aristocratic over-privilege, by the casualness he manages to get into "Is there any more of that raspberry jam? No. Well, in that case I think I'll just stroll over and see about this unlucky business of Prince Bulbo." But possibly the wryest moment in the whole comedy comes when the married king is suddenly smitten with the pretty chambermaid—and pretty she is as played by seven-year-old Kitty Cortesi—who is also the object of the affections of the two young princes. Valoroso falls upon his knees before her and says, "Never mind the young gentlemen! Turn thine eyes on a middle-aged autocrat . . . Her Majesty? Her Majesty be hanged . . . Have I not blocks, ropes, axes, hangmen—ha? Runs not a river by my palace wall? Have I not sacks to sew up wives withal? Say but the word that you will be mine own—your mistress in a sack is sewn, and thou the sharer of my heart and throne."



Christopher Cowles—"...'conduct but so-so!'"

VALOROSO's humor is sophisticated buffoonery worthy of *The New Yorker* at its best, but it is Mr. Titmarsh who in greatest degree holds the pitch of comic attitude at the exact level intended by the author. Gregory Stone's work in this respect is most extraordinary. He avoids any air of condescension, which most adult actors would, I'm afraid, inevitably put into their performances. Instead, he is poised without being cold; sympathetic to the action without joining it, and the personal friend of every member of the audience with no loss of dignity.

What tinkly music he puts into "Ah, I fear, King Valoroso, that your conduct is but so-so!" But perhaps most important of all is the way he persuades you to laugh at the fairy tale without rumpling its fragile existence. Take the moment when the hungry lions, who "have been kept for three weeks on nothing but a little toast and water," suddenly refrain from devouring the captive princess, and Mr. Titmarsh declaims, "O strange event! O remarkable circumstance! O extraordinary coincidence, which I am sure none of you could by *any possibility* have divined." Master Gregory's face lights up and the entire auditorium is bathed in affectionate laughter.

While Titmarsh and Valoroso have the choicest lines, there are other equally juicy parts. Bulbo, the prince who looks peculiar whenever he is not carrying his magic rose, is clowned beautifully by Margo Berdeshevsky

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(aged 7). Similarly effective, in a brief bit of pantomime worthy of Lillian Gish in one of her early film classics, is Ann Dana (aged 4) as the overly pathetic waif Betsinda.

BUT no individual performance is the making of "The Rose and the Ring." What really matters here is the great amount of style in this production. Adults in modern society tend to be ashamed of style, but children can think of nothing that is more fun than being allowed to use mannerisms. Aided by this natural advantage, Miss Coit and Rosemarie Beenk have looked to it that every step and every gesture be executed or danced with pomp and elegance. Just as vital and as well done are the decor and costumes worked out by Edith King. They are outrageously extravagant, but perfect to the last thread and sequin.

"The Rose and the Ring" has the kind of style and professional attention to detail that made the Gielgud production of "The Importance of Being Earnest" the gem it was.

The King-Coit School is not a school for professional children. As Miss King puts it, "The children come to us a few hours a week the way they would take piano lessons, and we give them drawing, painting, dancing, and acting." Nevertheless, many a King-Coit alumnus has gone into the theatre. Sandy Kennedy, currently in "The King and I," played Mr. Titmarsh in a previous "The Rose and the Ring." Tanaquil LeClercq of the ballet, Beatrice Straight of "The Crucible," Jane Wyatt of "The Autumn Garden," and Abby Bonine of "The Innocent Voyage" are also among those who received an early exposure to the fine arts at the East 63d Street School.

I am told that other King-Coit presentations such as "The Tempest," "The Golden Cage" (based on the poems of William Blake), "Nala and Damayanti," (a Hindu legend), and "Aucassin and Nicolette" are similarly excellent. If so, why cannot some of these productions, for which the scenery and costumes are already in existence, be made available to large theatre audiences? Perhaps, if we ever have a permanent professional repertory theatre here in New York, a few of these will be given a place on the program. That is where they belong.

—HENRY HEWES.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
OUT OF THE PAST *Patricia Wentworth* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Miss Silver, knitting needles and all, solves British slaughter as Inspector Abbott fumbles about.	Author's 50th book (which publishers, making like Inspector Abbott, fail to note).	So-so
NOBODY IS SAFE *Marten Cumberland* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Saturnin Dax turns up in, of all places, Argentina; slayers regret this.	Intercontinental flavor fails to put pep in many-peopled yarn.	Formula stuff
THE GIRL ON THE LEFT BANK *Joan Shepard* (Washburn: $2.75)	Yank miss, new to Paris, runs into gay parties, high crimes, fresh corpses.	Setting nice, writing pleasant, but basic yarn conventional.	She'll beat this
TASTE OF DEATH *Fenn McGrew* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Columbus (O.) gals' school loses faculty member same way Rome lost Julius Caesar.	Setting and writing good, but personnel too large, yarn too involved.	Plus and minus
IT BOILS DOWN TO MURDER *Perry D. Westbrook* (Arcadia: $2.50)	Vt. sugar bush decimated as emotions flare; locals handle situation.	Gold in brook, boundary row, assorted gals add to complications.	So-so
RAFFERTY *Bill S. Ballinger* (Harper: $2.75)	Decline and fall of NY cop recited by old newspaperman pal.	Flashback technique not too happy; has its unexciting moments.	Not too effective
MURDER ON MONDAY *Robert Patrick Wilmot* (Lippincott: $2.50)	NY peeper duo take on extortion case; many ramifications develop.	Population top-heavy; same for wisecrackery; too much goes on.	17.4% too long
A CHECKMATE BY THE COLONEL *George Griswold* (Dutton: $2.50)	Weird doings in D.C., Va., as Jim Furlong looks into mesh of Commie activities.	A tails B tails C . . . tails Z treatment; exciting, with credible characters.	Nice thriller

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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—*From "Man on a Tightrope."*

Terry Moore and Fredric March—"today's stories are yesterday's headlines."

IN THESE frightening and fantastic times, fact and fiction have a way of crossing each other up. The idea for the new Elia Kazan-Robert E. Sherwood film **"Man on a Tightrope"** (20th Cent.-Fox), for example, was suggested by an actual incident. A year or so ago a whole trainload of freedom-loving people burst through the Iron Curtain, streaming boldly past the border guards and on to refuge in the Western zone of Germany. It was their very boldness that caught the guards unawares. For picture purposes, the train had been transformed into an entire circus troupe fleeing from Gottwald's Czechoslovakia. But the movie was barely completed when word came of a Czech carnival that followed exactly the same route to freedom. The cynical might suspect collusion on the part of Fox's astute publicity people; I find it instead another evidence that truth is no longer stranger than fiction. The gap has been closed. Today's stories are yesterday's headlines.

"Man on a Tightrope" introduces the Cirkus Cernik, a shabby troupe of itinerant players headed by an aging clown-acrobat. For generations the Cerniks had been circus people, tops in their field. With the new regime, however, everything has changed. Cernik himself no longer owns his show, merely operates it "in the interest of the state." His best people are constantly being taken away to work at jobs more important to the Government than a mere circus. The equipment is gradually disintegrating, and no replacements are available. But to Cernik the crowning blow comes when the State steps in to advise him how to be funny, inserting political propaganda into his time-honored routines.

Although all of this is filled with strong political overtones, Sherwood has chosen to write his script as a straight narrative, accenting the personal rather than the propagandistic. There are no wild anti-Communist speeches, the characters are never allowed to become grotesque political symbols. In fact, one of the major strengths of this film is the credibility of its Communist officials. They are defeated by the rules they live by, not by the cleverness of the anti-Communist hero. Elia Kazan has staged the story frankly as an adventure film, a "chase." From the moment the dilapidated troupe is forced off the road to make way for a military convoy of the new regime, he stresses the suspicious, petty harassments of the police that drive Cernik to the decision to make a run for it. Over all hangs the imminent danger of disclosure and death. There are some lovely, lyrical passages depicting the Czech countryside, the land that Cernik loves, but mud and mist set the key for the main action. Gray is the predominant tone until the circus, bands playing and flags flying, marches boldly to the border and to freedom.

As Cernik, Fredric March gives another of his beautifully turned performances, a man seemingly broken by events yet with the ultimate spiritual strength to defy authority. In the relatively minor role of an official in the Propaganda Ministry, Adolphe Menjou—no longer dapper and suave—creates a memorable study of the uneasy lot of an intellectual in a police state. And there are equally fine performances from Gloria Grahame, Robert Beatty, Richard Boone, and Paul Hartman. The whole adds up to an unusually absorbing picture, given added stature by its implications in our world today.

* * *

Just in time for the Coronation, M-G-M celebrates another coronation from almost four hundred years ago, the coronation of the first Elizabeth, in a strikingly handsome film version of Margaret Irwin's best-selling novel, **"Young Bess."** It covers the formative years, centering about Elizabeth's love for Thomas Seymour and her life with Catherine Parr. If the circumstances narrated here are somewhat more romantic than the accounts in conventional histories, they still make for a good story while holding to the cardinal facts. George Sidney has directed with graceful humor, and the production is positively sumptuous. Both costumes and settings have a rare beauty, enhanced by a Technicolor that, for the first time in a Hollywood picture, approaches the muted, subtle quality of the English color films. The fine cast, headed by Charles Laughton, Stewart Granger, Deborah Kerr, and Kay Walsh, seems completely at ease playing at history, with Laughton especially rich in his re-creation of Henry VIII. But it is Jeam Simmons, as Young Bess, who makes this film shine. Girlish and demure as the frightened outcast hiding away in Hatfield House, tender in her scenes with the young Edward, bold and assured as she defies the grim inquisitors of her relations with Seymour, Miss Simmons is ever the consummate actress. She brings more than mere skill to the screen, however. She has a presence, a radiant personality that may one day set her among the greatest actresses on our screen.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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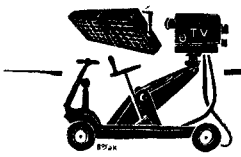

TV AND RADIO

3B Television—Baseball, Beer and Butts

THE other evening, while watching the telecast of a ball game between Roy Campanella and the Philadelphia Phillies from Ebbets Field, I heard the announcer proclaim from his cat-bird seat high up on the hog in the pea patch, "Our camera crew and director are the best in the business."

Well, being a Fred Coe-Delbert Mann fan myself I sat up suddenly, nearly knocking the chip off my shoulder, and began to take note of the technical aspects of this medium which had brought Carl Furillo into my living room. And for the first four innings I saw little in the way of telecasting magic that I hadn't seen in a Stadium or Polo Grounds telecast.

There was the usual one-dimensional straight-line shot of the pitcher, batter, catcher, and umpire, the usual tight shot of the batter at the plate, the usual long shot of an outfielder catching a fly against the Schaefer Beer billboard, the usual shot of the bull-pen with a pitcher warming up, the usual close shot of the pitcher about to go into his windup posed against a distant shot of the Schaefer Beer billboard, and at the finish of the inning the usual zoom to the Schaefer Beer scoreboard for the totals.

It wasn't until the fifth inning that I appreciated the superiority of the camera crew and director. A batter hit a single and there was a shot of him on first base against a background of a Lucky Strike billboard. Brooklyn began to warm up a pitcher and the camera went to the bullpen where a pitcher stood in front of a Lucky Strike billboard which had sprouted there sometime between the fourth and fifth inning, and at the finish of the fifth we zoomed to the scoreboard at such an angle that the Schaefer Beer head had been blown off and the announcer asked us to look at the Lucky Strike scoreboard.

The players were the same, but the game seemed to have moved to another ballpark. But nobody has to dust me off with a close one. I quickly got the idea. The telecast has two sponsors, neither of which, it appears, wishes to confuse the viewer into drinking a Lucky or smoking a glass of Schaefer.

During the Lucky Strike half of the telecast there wasn't a Schaefer sign to be seen, no matter where the ball was hit. Of course, sometimes if it's hit right in front of the Schaefer billboard, the shot is so angled that the viewer finds it difficult to see who caught the ball or if it is caught at all.

Also there is the matter of sending thousands of Lucky Strikes to our veterans in the hospitals. During the Schaefer half of the telecast there was a home run good for a thousand Luckies, and a double play good for another thousand, but the veterans had to wait till the fifth inning for the announcer to make the presentation. Schaefer wouldn't like it if he mentioned Luckies during their half of the program. And I suppose Lucky Strikes wouldn't like his mentioning the Schaefer player awards during their half of the program.

Since Lucky Strikes sponsors the "Robert Montgomery Presents" show on an alternate week basis with Johnson's Wax, and at the conclusion of the program Lucky Strikes permits Johnson's Wax to announce it will sponsor next week's play, just as Johnson's Wax gives Luckies the same courtesy every other week, I must infer that it's Schaefer Beer which has been rather stubborn about letting Lucky Strike get a mention during its portion of the ball game. Or perhaps Lucky Strike feels too much beer makes for an unsteady hand. And what unsteady hand can tear a Lucky down the seam?

AT any rate it's all rather petty. Because while the two sponsors who are dividing the cost of the telecast are being so careful about whose product should be shown on which half of the ball game, the Brass Rail, Griffin Shoe Polish, Stadler's Tydol, Bank of Manhattan, GGG, Botany Ties, Bulova Watches, and Abe Stark are all getting a free ride on the other billboards around Ebbets Field.

It would make life a lot simpler for the camera crew and director if the sponsors got together and learned to play ball with each other.

—GOODMAN ACE.

Once When the Sea

By Harold Vinal

ONCE when the sea was pounding in my ears
And mighty billows smote against the land,
And foam was fretting at the salty piers,
And the cold combers running up the sand,
I thought of Jonah in the whale's dark belly,
A small and tired man who had incurred
God's awful wrath, there in that airless galley,
He turned for succor to the holy Word.

Outside the great tail churned, the green sea beat,
Monstrous and without calm, and the wind rose,
Joppa seemed far away, its cool fields sweet,
And Nineveh a dream a dreamer knows.
Once when the mighty waters did prevail,
I thought of Jonah, kneeling in the whale.

Once, too, on such a day around the Horn
Did Captain Ahab and his swarthy crew,
Cantankerous and fed too long on scorn,
Chase the white whale across the burning blue
Unto the leeward islands; Stubb and Flask,
And Queequeg, that kind savage and the rest,
Were they not partners to an awful task
Upon the sea's illimitable breast?

What lotos spell consumed them, what hope sped
Before their leaning mastheads, who can know
What visionary rainbows were ahead?
They flung their loud sails to the breeze, and so
They journeyed on with creaking decks, half-sick,
After that snowy specter, Moby Dick.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Irmelin" at Oxford, Dance Events in New York

LONDON.

ACCORDING to custom, the operatic capital of England has been on the banks of the Thames during these pre-Coronation weeks, if not, as usual, in London. It has been upstream in Oxford, where Sir Thomas Beecham has been conducting the first performances ever of Frederick Delius's early opera "Irmelin."

Because "Irmelin" dates from the beginning of Delius's career and had languished unperformed for over sixty years, one anticipated in it a musical curiosity and little else. Actually, "Irmelin" turned out to be a work of continual charm and an occasional power, not merely a faded Delian memento. Its chief handicap, and a considerable one, is its libretto, written by the composer.

The plot, if it can be called one, is concerned with the idylic romance between the Princess Irmelin and Nils, a swineherd who is actually a prince. Before they run off into the woods together at the final curtain there are three full acts of operatic "business." But nothing really happens: there is no conflict, no characterization; and the use of words is appalling, replete with cloying rhymes and banal poetic conceits.

Thus, the desirable procedure was to turn a deaf ear to the text and concentrate wholly on the music. "Irmelin" is in essence a tone-poem in the form of an opera, a moonlit rhapsody like "A Summer Night on the River," expanded in size and with the addition of vocal parts. Though there are hints of Wagner in its harmonic language, the esthetic underlying the work is far from Wagnerian. In orchestration and melodic pattern, "Irmelin" is already clearly Delian. To call it a foreshadowing of "Pelléas" is probably going too far, for Delius by no means broke with operatic conventions to the extent Debussy did a few years later. Nevertheless, the two sources do possess, in common, a reliance on understatement and a languorous, dreamlike sense of pacing.

It spoke well for Britain's musical resources that so unfamiliar a work could be produced so competently in a non-urban theatre lacking the momentum or machinery of a going opera house. Edna Graham sang sweetly, if sometimes a bit thinly, in the part of Irmelin; Thomas Round was a remarkably robust Nils; and the Oxford University Opera Club Chorus performed its important function with distinction. Towering over all, of course, was Sir Thomas himself, lacquering the whole with a soft silken sheen and coaxing such sounds from his wonderful Royal Philharmonic Orchestra as are seldom heard in the opera house. —ROLAND GELATT.

THE spring season of the New York City Ballet has produced two works, to date, which depart from its recent repertory: a "revival," oddly enough, of a ballet to a not-too-familiar Virgil Thomson score titled "Filling Station," and a "novelty" by Jerome Robbins based on the hardly novel "L'Apres midi d'une Faune" of Debussy. Turning the mind back to what remains of the first impressions "Filling Station" made fifteen years ago, I can recall little save the darting flashlights on the dark stage during the pursuit of a hold-up man. However, this has nothing to do with the values in the current project, which are remarkably varied on the visual side, and aptly complimented by Thomson's lively, unpretentious, even saucy, score. As may be surmised, the action takes place in a filling station somewhere in the open spaces of the West, and the successive episodes acquaint us with tourists and thiefs, an intoxicated socialite (brilliantly danced by Janet Reed), and sundry other types. Thanks to the soaring ease with which Jacques D'Amboise interpreted the role of Mac, the filling station attendant, lightness and verve reigned in Lew Christensen's choreography.

Robbins's "Faun" is typically original in concept, and atypically worked out. Gone are the bosky dells imagined in the famous Bakst-Nijinsky version. We are, instead, in a ballet practice room, no less, with the faun and the nymph a pair of dancers lost (almost) in self-admiration of bodily beauty as reflected by the mirror. The attraction that binds them finally asserts itself in a mood-shattering kiss deposited by the faun (Francisco Moncion) on the cheek of the nymph (Tanaquil LeClerq). Much of the action is elegantly composed, with sober control and artistic purpose. It was extremely well performed.

To the casual eye, the short film titled "Pastorale" which is being shown at the Paris Theater in conjunction with "The Seven Deadly Sins" may be no more than a superimposition of a color fantasy by Mary Ellen Bute on Leopold Stokowski's performance with orchestra of the Bach chorale prelude "Sheep May Safely Graze." However, those who know their Stokowski will not overlook its resemblance to the shapes and forms produced by the so-called "Clavilux" ("Color Organ") with which the Philadelphia Orchestra once collaborated in a notable production of "Scheherezade" in Carnegie Hall.

Miss Bute's color images are frequently beautiful and always provocative, while Stokowski's direction of the Bach piece (beautifully played by the Residentie Orchestra of the Hague and artfully recorded) is, on this occasion, beyond reproach. What one looked for in vain, however, was any dim relation between them. If Miss Bute could be turned loose on something like a Stokowski performance of Debussy's "La Mer" the results could well be epochal. Come to think of it, what she was illustrating *was* "La Mer"; too bad he wasn't playing it. —IRVING KOLODIN.

First Love

By Florence Ungar

One who has lived apart
And moved to strains of
ancient music,
Feted on books
And held enchanting speech with
solitude
Cannot but shed that thousand year
old knowledge on you
Though you do not ask.

It is so with beauty sometimes,
Dusk is known,
And then the light.

Give me time,
Beloved
At the brook where the overhanging
branches

Canopy me softly with willow
Till you come.

Were the branch to scent your face
with blossom
Now
I would turn away
The sweetness rising in my throat
like magic

And would ask
Is this love?

And be afraid
Of the answer.

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Are Women as Creative as Men?

Continued from page 19

ativity? It can be, and probably is, if we are to judge from what so often comes out on the psychoanalyst's couch, and from such customs as the *couvade* practised among many non-literate peoples, where it is the male who undergoes "confinement" for several days or weeks when his wife gives birth to a child. Can it be that in the course of history men have deliberately prevented women from participating in the process of artificial creativity because, at least in part, of their misunderstanding of the nature of the world in which they live and their jealousy of woman's natural creativity? It can be.

Men will, some day, learn the truth about the sexes, and when they do they will give up their belief in masculine superiority, and know that superiority is where it resides, irrespective of a person's sex. Men will have to accept the fact that insofar as biological superiority is concerned women have the edge on them, but there is not the least reason why this fact should upset the male ego. On the other hand, men should congratulate themselves upon the fact that the mothers of their children are so well-endowed by nature. It has often been remarked that if men had to have babies few of them would survive the ordeal. All men should be eternally grateful and admiring of women for undertaking the task. How good and pleasing a thought it is that women should be constitutionally stronger than men; that is as it should be, and that is as it is. The natural superiority of women is something for which we should all be grateful. When we recognize it for what it is, the biological safeguard of the race, we shall be all the more ready to cherish and respect it.

WHEN men, *and* women, have learned to understand woman's natural creativity at its true worth, it will cease to be regarded as a sort of handicapping activity, and reinstated in its proper place in the life of humanity, namely, as the personally, communally, nationally, internationally, and racially most important of all human creative activities.

Of course, one of the principal reasons why women do not have as many tangible achievements to their credit as men is that for the greater part of their history most fields of possible achievement have been closed to them, while such fields as remained open they were not permitted to enter on an equal footing with men. In those fields in which women have been permitted to enter they have not been encouraged to shine, and when they have they have either received no encouragement to continue shining or have been actively discouraged or not noticed at all. Women weren't even permitted on the stage until the seventeenth century; by far the greater proportion of them couldn't read or write when their husbands could; and when in the nineteenth century women first really began to express themselves in practically the only way they could, namely in novels, they sent their manuscript to the publisher under a man's name. But one need not press these points; they should be fairly obvious. Women have been discriminated against and oppressed. When they shall have been granted full political and social equality with men, their creativity in all fields will reveal itself, even though their greatest creation will always be in the most important of all domains—in the family of humanity.

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Entertainment Arts

Continued from page 25

office. It's the New York end of Hollywood, so to speak.

We get glimpses of the growth of the great theatre chains, the trading over conference tables of blocks of a thousand or more theatres, the mores (certainly not the morals) of the rough-and-ready business of leasing features. You can find out just how motion-picture palaces achieved their extraordinary decor and architecture, who first put in ceilings showing stars in a limitless blue sky, and who thought of that cream-colored organ console, complete with organist in fancy dress to play soulfully for fifteen minutes before the feature began. Mr. Mayer has affection and even admiration for the early showmen like Zukor, Lasky, and Goldwyn and he naturally has practically numberless stories to tell on them and himself.

Arthur Mayer's largest fame, in one sense, came with the ownership of his first theatre, The Rialto, at the Crossroads of the World. This movie house, and one-time vaudeville palace, slowly becoming moribund, he transformed into a highly profitable enterprise. The formula was beautifully simple: show the worst pictures ever made and be shameless about shilling them. In his own words: "I removed the marble stairway from the lobby along with a truckload of genuine simulated Renaissance angels; I tossed out the genuine simulated marble busts of Beethoven and Grieg, and a gallery of paintings of cows grazing in meadows. I replaced these objects of art with fire-snorting, eye-rolling gargoyles, third degree instruments of torture, a barrel labeled 'Beware, Dynamite,' papier-mache fiists clenching bloodstained clubs and a poster of a beautiful woman writhing under a sadist's whip—a work which hung next to an American flag that rippled over the whole display, animated by a wind machine. The result may not have been what my mother would have liked, but it pleased my patrons."

That gives you an idea of how Mr. Mayer became known as "The Merchant of Menace," and Sam Goldwyn is reputed to have said, "When I see the pictures they play in that theatre it makes the hair stand on the edge of my seat." Goldwyn did not say it, naturally; someone else probably said it for him. The Merchant of Menace added to his fame by a sudden switching of his field and, if you allow the mixed metaphor, while he was still running the other way. He went into partnership with a man called Joseph Burstyn who, every now and then, had a habit of falling in love with a foreign film. Mayer and Burstyn began importing movies like "Ballerina," "Club de Femmes," and "Generals Without Buttons," and sometimes broke even. The first real jackpot came with "Open City," the success of which Mr. Mayer ascribes to the fact that most patrons confused the military meaning of the title with that of a city where vice and depravity flourished. Mayer-Burstyn went on to bring in "Paisan" and "Bicycle Thief." And yet, Arthur Mayer is quick to add, "I must report that the number of excellent European pictures is pitifully small. The American intelligentsia, so quick to condemn Hollywood, so parrot-like in their assumption of the superiority of foreign films, are partially expressing their innate snobbishness and partially honestly, if naively, misled by the unremitting research of men like Burstyn, Lopert, Shapiro; modesty forbids my mentioning myself." Well, there's a lot to be said on that subject, and Mr. Mayer has by no means said it all. Still, if modesty had forbid, we wouldn't have had this peppery and amusing book.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. By Festus to Paul, of the Christians. Acts 26:24. 2. The opening of the seventh seal. Revelations 8:1. 3. Deborah. Judges 4:6-8. 4. Elisha, plagued by the street children who mocked: "Go up, thou bald head!" The prophet cursed them and in response to his curse two bears came out of the wood and killed forty-two of the mockers. 2 Kings 2:23, 24. 5. The Deuteronomic code (now enshrined in the Book of Deuteronomy), discovered by workmen who were repairing the temple and given to Huldah to decide whether it really was the work of Moses. 2 Chronicles 34:14-22. 6. Solomon, in a dream. 1 Kings 3:9. 7. The daughters of Shiloh at the village dance, carried off by the men of the tribe of Benjamin. Judges 21:16-25. 8. "Out of the eater came forth meat: and out of the strong came forth sweetness." Presented by Samson. Judges chapter 14. 9. The symbol of the great beast and also of a man, presumably a veiled reference to Nero, the numerical value of the letters of whose name and title added to 666. Revelations 13:18. 10. The Christians. Acts 17:6.

English Drama-chaser

By John Gassner

Mr. Gassner, author of "Masters of the Drama" and "Producing the Play," considers ***Eric Bentley's "In Search of Theatre"*** *(Knopf. 411 pp. $6) one of the best books about the problems and possibilities of the stage in recent years.*

THAT Eric Bentley is his own best critic is evident from the epigraph he has selected for his latest book, "In Search of Theatre." The quotation is from C. E. Montague's "A Writer's Note on His Trade": "If you know a thing theoretically but don't know it practically, then you don't really know its whole theory; and if you know it practically but don't know it theoretically, then you don't know its whole practice."

When "The Playwright as Thinker" appeared in 1946, Eric Bentley was criticized for ignoring the theatrical values of the drama. But in 1948, he began to destroy whatever shred of justice there had been in this criticism. He spent the next three years abroad studying the theatre in performance. He not only studied the theatre, in search of which he moved from one theatrical capital to another with enviable energy, but worked in it as an assistant director, co-director, and director. And since he was by then already a formidable critic, with three excellent books to his credit, his willingness to learn from experience was no surrender of principle to expediency. It is evident that he successfully resisted the temptation to become a flabby pragmatist, a temptation to which stage-folk are particularly susceptible. He actually strengthened his grasp of the theoretical foundations while paying attention to the superstructure of theatrical practice. Should the American theatre reach the point at which it can move forward rather than backward, Mr. Bentley will surely be one of its leaders.

In the meantime we have his book, a collection of previously published magazine articles based, in the main, on his inquiries and experiences and enriched in significance by effective organization. "In Search of Theatre" is a cohesive work that deserves to be studied and cherished. It is the best book about the stage to be published here or abroad since Harold Clurman wrote the history of the Group Theatre in "The Fervent Years." By the time the reader has finished "In Search of Theatre" he will have acquired considerable knowledge of the entire

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course of modern dramatic art, its problems and experiments, and its possibilities.

Although Mr. Bentley may give the impression of being casually exploratory as he moves from place to place and from subject to subject, he knows exactly where he is going and where he wants to take us. Realism is not, in his correct view, antithetical to poetry or to a diversity of styles and dramatic forms. Although he is no more impressed with the mere surface values of realism and with problem plays than with poetic flights into the vast inane, it is his resistance to these flights that gives him his point of view. Naturalism reached an impasse from which it has been unable to extricate itself.

Wagnerianism or the pursuit of theatrical magic, whether in the name of "Art" or mysticism, was an understandable reaction to naturalism without becoming a suitable substitute for it. Atmosphere, no matter how artfully evoked under the guidance of Appia and Gordon Craig, could provide neither the reality nor the criticism of life by which a theatre sustains itself as a living force and a meaningful experience.

Provided the reader brings to this book some knowledge of his own, he will be able to extract the above-mentioned argument but also a good deal else from "In Search of Theatre." Its excellence is to be found in the sum of its parts. The book includes superbly descriptive and analytical chapters on Barrault's theatre art, Pirandello's playwriting, Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya," Brecht's anti-Stanislavskian theatre, "Monsieur Verdoux," Yeatsian poetic drama, the Abbey Theatre's history, contemporary Shakespearean production, and the recent theatre in Paris.

Equally noteworthy is the plenitude of shrewd observations strewn throughout the book, observations on dramaturgy and stage production ranging in extent from single luminous sentences to a series of closely reasoned paragraphs. For example, Bentley disposes brilliantly of the fashionable glorification of theatre as ritual; of the "genetic fallacy" that since the theatre had its origins in religion, it must be religious. "It ignores the fact that theatre became theatre precisely by ceasing to be religion," he writes. He also disposes quite effectively of the contention that Ibsen is dull and outmoded. His report on "sex in the head" in the case of O'Neill's work is penetrating, and his comment on Robinson Jeffers's view of tragedy as a primitive horror story rather than as a catharsis of the emotions is devastating: "Aristotle's view of tragedy is humane; this one—that of Robinson Jeffers—is barbaric without the innocence of barbarism."

Not the least of the merits of the book is that it provokes the kind of argument that can only lead to a clarification of the reader's own values. In early chapters on the New York scene and in "Trying to Like O'Neill," Bentley's views on the "Broadway intelligentsia" and on American playwrights are astringent. But Bentley's bias is generally in the right direction, which is, after all, the important thing. He is always on the side of intellectual and artistic integrity, whether or not we can be sure that he has always noted its presence or absence in the right quarters. Moreover, he wages his fight not against individuals, but against a state of affairs, such as commercialism, and against confusions and pretences in modern life.

Drama Book Notes

"NEW" PLAY BY CHEKHOV: When he was twenty-one Anton Chekhov wrote an overlong, absurdly melodramatic, and unfinished play about a character named Platonov. Since the play had no title, the manuscript has been published several times since its discovery in 1923—under such titles as "Without Fathers," "That Worthless Fellow Platonov," and "The Man Platonov." A fully revised version was published in Russia in 1949, and now Basil Ashmore has adapted it into a play which he calls **"Don Juan (in the Russian Manner)"** (British Book Centre, $2.50). The title refers to Platonov, a Russian intellectual who is constantly pursued by women until in the end they destroy him. In the

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original version one of them shoots him, but in this play he merely passes away quietly as the women wrangle over him. Chekhov weaves in quotations from "King Lear" to underline his antipathy for predatory females, and his feeling that the old Russian aristocracy is in its dotage, and must succumb to the sharp-toothed bourgeoisie.

It would be interesting and valuable to see a production of "Don Juan," particularly since it is full of the kind of direct, cynical comment that in Chekhov's later plays tends to get lost in self-pitying performances by the actors. However, any group attempting it should try to get hold of the full text and the earlier version. For while Mr. Ashmore has done a good job, there are certain parts which are unsatisfactory. For instance, there is the doctor who is always borrowing money only to give it away senselessly. In the original this characteristic was given to the husband of one of the women who goes after Platonov, and this partially explains her action. A new producer would certainly want to consider reinstating this.

But, all things considered, Mr. Ashmore has done us a great service in getting the ball rolling towards an ultimate production of a vital and important, albeit imperfect, play.

SURVEY FROM SWEDEN: The principal value of a book like the late Professor Martin Lamm's **"Modern Drama"** (translated by K. Elliott and published by Philosophical Library at $6) is that it depicts some familiar ground with a somewhat different perspective than we are accustomed to. Since Dr. Lamm has wisely refrained from attempting to mention plays or playwrights that do not interest him, the book is a series of studiously thought out appraisals of dramatists from Scribe and Hebbel (*circa* 1840) to Lorca. He discusses only O'Neill of the American writers, and leaves out such highly regarded Europeans as Büchner Wedekind, Giraudoux, O'Casey, and Brecht. At the same time he brings greater attention to writers like Hugo von Hofmannsthal and Björnsterne Björnson and to plays like Strindberg's "To Damascus" and Ibsen's "When We Dead Awaken" than to better known subjects.

Dr. Lamm becomes fairly involved when he attempts to trace the influences which have led to modern drama. However, he is crystal clear when he says " 'The Emperor Jones' is a perfect example of modern drama: its action takes place in a man's mind, and it ends as it began."

—Henry Hewes.

Fiction

Continued from page 18

cessful—part of the story. She is the daughter of Wife Number Four and is an Illegit. She also produces one saying proudly and early in the day that the adjective that applies to *her* is *sexy*. She is right. At the risk of sounding like Queen Victoria and "we are not amused," I found Lesbia repetitious and tiresome.

The novel, as a whole, probably seems funnier in England, where the frame of reference is familiar. For us, in America, the castle Milestones setting and even Poker in his straw boater, have an unreal, fable-like quality; so spoofing them is not at all incongruous and is only funny in spots! The mad Bowlings present a picture of well-connected low life and being incredible figures to us anyway, are like the characters in a cautionary tale. I thought *we* were the ones who were supposed to shock the upright British by our easy divorce and our unethical movie gangsters? Well here with the fabulous Bowlings . . . the shoe seems to be on the other foot, and the horse another color!

—Rosemary C. Benet.

SHADOWY CRUSADERS: The tragic folly of the Crusades has been cloaked in a spell of glamor by generations of fiction writers. A goodly portion of this glamor, accompanied by some grim realism in the portrayal of the miseries and intrigues which bedeviled and divided English and French under the leadership of Richard the Lion-Hearted in the Third Crusade, is to be found in Dorothy Charques's **"Men Like Shadows"** (Coward-McCann, $3.75).

Miss Charques's story is of complex weave. John of Oversley tells the tale. He and his neighbor, Robert Kinwarton, and their friend, Everard Mortebois, are youthful esquires of King Richard. Together they make the long, hard, danger-fraught journey by sea to the coastal region of the Holy Land.

All the elements of romance are here: great sea storms and wrecks, intrigue and conspiracy, battle, the noble figures of Richard and Saladin (though the latter remains an offstage presence). One fascinating thread of the narrative concerns the sinister cult of the Assassins, their fanatic ruler, Sheikh Sinan, called The Old Man of the Mountains, and his fabulous fortress of Massiat, in Syria.

Miss Charques's book is hard to evaluate. It has some undeniable qualities of distinction. But though I admire much in it, it leaves me a little cold, so far as identification and involvement are concerned. Yet she assembles a splendid pageant, rich in pictorial values, sound in scholarship, abounding with details. Its tradition is that of a deliberate, patient, detailed development until, finally, an authentic and informative portrait of an era has been created.

The trouble is that Miss Charques's men are like shadows in a way not intended. None of them emerge from the page as the vital, living persons they should be. This is not due to a lack of technical skill on Miss Charques's part. She is a gifted, discriminating writer in many respects. Perhaps there is a temperamental barrier to be crossed. Her men move freely and speak fluently. But it is with the movement and cadence of pageantry, rather than of living reality.

—Edmund Fuller.

CROWDED CREOLE CANVAS: New Orleans-born Arthémise Goertz has taken five years and three books before undertaking to tap the rich, sometimes teeming background of small-town Louisiana life. **"New Heaven, New Earth"** (McGraw-Hill, $3.50) is a period piece, heavily-filled with characters and plot, drawing upon a fine understanding of folk and folk custom. Wisely, Miss Goertz has chosen a moment of the Creole story over which few have worked—the 1900-10 period when modern times, medical and technological, were creeping in upon an old civilization. The scene is the French town of Mandeville, "across the lake" from New Orleans. Dr. Vincent du Rocher, fresh from Panama and the canal work, rejoins his relatives, to be drawn into a series of crises with local politicians, health officials, at least two young women, and assorted connections of aristocratic background and snobbery toward outsiders.

There are many characters and a great deal of plot—the killing of a leper in the swamp, the collapse of a wharf, a hurricane, marsh fire, and, not least, that old dabbil voodoo. A few too many people, and rather too many things going on. Nevertheless, Arthémise Goertz has the true gift of the tale-teller; she gives her incidents conviction, moving detail, an excellent flavoring. And she has a saving humor.

By far the best part of "New Heaven, New Earth" is a wonderful gallery of Creole and other types. Miss Goertz's dialect touches are knowing; her implied comment on social customs adroit and perceptive, and she handles her many medical details with obvious mastery.

—Harnett T. Kane.

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NEW EDITIONS

Confidences Which Outlive the Schemes

THE names of Pepys and Evelyn have long stood in the front rank of English diarists, but when "The Wynne Diaries" were edited by Anne Fremantle and published in three volumes (1935-40) it became plain that the famous pair would have to make room for a lady—Betsy Wynne, second daughter of Richard Wynne, a wealthy gentleman whose "aversion for England" was branded by another daughter as "excessive, *unbecoming* an English man . . ." Betsy began her diary when she was ten, in 1789, and she kept it faithfully until 1857, when she was dying. It is as lively as Evelyn's is sober; and that it makes even Pepys's valuable record seem comparatively dull and parochial is a fact that will be denied only by those Pepysians whose passion is blind. Thanks to her father's "aversion," Betsy and her sisters became members of the international *grand monde* when they were still children, dancing and gambling and otherwise enjoying themselves in the highest circles of Italy and Germany in a manner calculated to astonish all right-thinking twentieth-century parents. As a result, Betsy's diary is from the very beginning a literally priceless social document. The Wynne family's way of life was slightly disturbed by the French revolutionary wars, but when they found Italy menaced by the republican armies they took up residence aboard the frigates of his Britannic Majesty's Mediterranean fleet. There Betsy and Captain Fremantle fell in love. They were married, in 1797, at Lady Hamilton's house in Naples; they spent their honeymoon at sea, in pursuit of enemy prizes and prize money; Betsy was off Teneriffe, in the *Inconstant,* when Nelson lost an arm and Fremantle was wounded during an attempt to capture Santa Cruz; she stayed at home, waiting for news, when her husband was fighting beside Nelson at Copenhagen; she stayed at home while Fremantle's *Neptune* was in line of battle with Nelson's *Victory* at Trafalgar; she stayed at home, bearing child after child to a man with whom she shared the happiest of marriages for more than twenty years.

Meanwhile her social activities, which never flagged, revolved around Stowe, seat of the Marquess of Buckingham. It was there that she was a fellow guest with the royal exiles, Louis XVIII and his queen, to whom she later paid her respects at Hartwell when the Allies entered Paris. After Napoleon's fall she went back to Italy again, this time with her daughters, and as her editor—the wife of her great-grandson—remarks, "it seems as though Bonaparte and the cursed French, the Revolution and the wars, had never existed. Was it for this, one wonders, the son of St. Louis ascended to heaven and Nelson died at Trafalgar? In order that pretty Lady Fremantle might give the Miss Fremantles the same sort of good time that was enjoyed by the Miss Wynnes?"

Certainly—with the assistance of her diary-writing sisters, and Captain Fremantle's own precious diary and letters—she gives her readers a good time; as anyone may discover by reading "The Wynne Diaries" (Oxford, World's Classics, $2), Anne Fremantle's skilful abridgment of the three-volume edition. And Betsy provides more than a good time, for it would be hard to exaggerate the value of her vivid contribution to social history.

THE second edition of "Jane Austen's Letters" (Oxford, $10), edited with scholarly precision and thoroughness by R. W. Chapman, gives us glimpses of a life that was as outwardly placid as Betsy's was eventful. Mr. Chapman does well to say that "the enchantment which enthusiasts have sometimes found in these letters will not be universally admitted." They are only for those who love the writer dearly, or for the student of Miss Austen's life and times. But, even within these limitations, they are sure of an enduring band of readers.

From the Oxford University Press there also comes the first volume, "Paradise Lost" ($6), of a new edition of "The Poetical Works of John Milton," prepared by Helen Darbishire in an attempt to present the poems with spelling and punctuation revised in accordance with what the editor believes were Milton's own principles. Text and notes make this an interesting volume for scholars; and it is a fine copy of "Paradise Lost" for any reader.

Highly recommended: Weymouth's "New Testament in Modern Speech" (Harper, $3.50).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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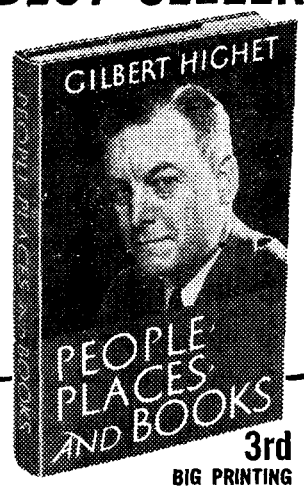

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Seek the Finer Flavor

Continued from page 20

certain area of our national life and cultural output as beyond the bounds of righteous approval. This definition is never effected by law or by constituted authority; it is effected by vague insinuation and suggestion. And the circle, as I say, tends to grow constantly narrower.

One has the impression that, if uncountered, these people would eventually narrow the area of political and cultural respectability to a point where it included only themselves, the excited accusers, and excluded everything and everybody not embraced in the profession of denunciation.

I recall reading recently, twice in one day, the words of individuals who proclaimed that if certain other people did not get up and join actively in the denunciation of Communists or Communism, they would thereby themselves be suspect. What sort of arrogance is this? Every one of us has his civic obligations. Every one of us has his moral obligations to principles.

I am not condoning anyone for forgetting these obligations. But to go beyond this—to say that it is not enough to be a law-abiding citizen—to say that we all have some obligation to get up and make statements of this tenor or that with respect to other individuals, or else submit to being classified as suspect in the eyes of our fellow citizens—to assert this is to establish a new species of public ritual, to arrogate to one's individual self the powers of the spiritual and temporal lawgiver, to make the definition of social conduct a matter of fear in the face of vague and irregular forces, rather than a matter of confidence in the protecting discipline of conscience and the law.

I have lived more than ten years of my life in totalitarian countries. I know where this sort of thing leads. I know it to be the most shocking and cynical disservice one can do to the credulity and to the spiritual equilibrium of one's fellow men.

And this sort of thing cannot fail to have its effect on the liberal arts, for it is associated with two things that stand in deepest conflict to the development of mind and spirit: with a crass materialism and anti-intellectualism on the one hand, and with a marked tendency toward a standardization and conformity on the other.

In these forces I have spoken about, it seems to me that I detect a conscious rejection and ridicule of intellectual effort and distinction. They come together here with a deep-seated weakness in the American character: a certain shy self-consciousness that tends to deny interests other than those of business, sport, or war.

THERE is a powerful strain of our American cast of mind that has little use for the artist or the writer, and professes to see in the pursuits of such people a lack of virility—as though virility could not find expression in the creation of beauty, as though Michelangelo had never wielded his brush, as though Dante had never taken up his pen, as though the plays of Shakespeare were lacking in manliness.

The bearers of this neomaterialism seem, indeed, to have a strange self-consciousness about the subject of virility—a strange need to emphasize and demonstrate it by exhibitions of taciturnity, callousness, and physical aggressiveness—as though there were some anxiety lest, in the absence of these exhibitions, it might be found wanting.

What weakness is it in us Americans that so often makes us embarrassed or afraid to indulge the gentle impulse, to seek the finer and rarer flavor, to admit frankly and without stammering apologies to an appreciation for the wonder of the poet's word and the miracle of the artist's brush, for all the beauty, in short, that has been recorded in the images of word and line created by the hands of men in past ages? What is it that makes us fear to acknowledge the greatness of other lands, or of other times, to shun the subtle and the unfamiliar?

What is it that causes us to huddle together, herdlike, in tastes and enthusiasms that represent only the common denominator of popular acquiescence, rather than to show ourselves receptive to the tremendous flights of creative imagination of which the individual mind has shown itself capable? Is it that we are forgetful of the true sources of our moral strength, afraid of ourselves, afraid to look into the chaos of our own breasts, afraid of the bright, penetrating light of the great teachers?

This fear of the untypical, this quest for security within the walls of secular uniformity—these are traits of our national character we would do well to beware of and to examine for their origins. They receive much encouragement these days, much automatic and unintended encouragement, by virtue of the growing standardization of the cultural and, in many respects, the educational influences to which our people are being subjected.

The immense impact of commercial advertising and the mass media on our lives is—let us make no mistake about it—an impact that tends to encourage passivity, to encourage acquiescence and uniformity, to place handicaps on individual contemplativeness and creativeness.

It may not seem to many of us too dangerous that we should all live, dress, eat, hear, and read substantially alike. But we forget how easily this uniformity of thought and habit can be exploited, when the will to exploit it is there. We forget how easily it can slip over into the domination of our spiritual and political lives by self-appointed custodians who contrive to set themselves at the head of popular emotional currents.

There is a real and urgent danger here for anyone who values the right to differ from others in any manner whatsoever, be it in his interests or his associations or his faith. There is no greater mistake we of this generation can make than to imagine that the tendencies which in other countries have led to the nightmare of totalitarianism will, as they appear in our own midst, politely pause—out of some delicate respect for American tradition—at the point where they would begin to affect our independence of mind and belief.

THE forces of intolerance and political demagoguery are greedy forces, and unrestrained. There is no limit to their ambitions or their impudence. They contain within themselves no mechanism of self-control. Like the ills of Pandora's box, once released, they can be stopped only by forces external to themselves.

That the only permanent thing behind them all is still the naked vulnerable, human soul, the scene of the age-old battle between good and evil, assailed with weakness and imperfections, always in need of help and support, and yet sometimes capable of such breath-taking impulses of faith and creative imagination.

Finally, it lies with the devotees of the liberal arts to combat the forces of intolerance in our society: to convince people that these forces are incompatible with the flowering of the human spirit, to remember that the ultimate judgments of good and evil are not ours to make: that the wrath of man against his fellow man must always be tempered by the recollection of his weakness and fallibility and by the example of forgiveness and redemption which is the essence of his Christian heritage.

—GEORGE F. KENNAN.

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Mr. Pepys Goes to the Coronation

Continued from page 9

was a chair and a footstool), in good view of everybody. His black head bare, his Gallic face swarthy and sharp, he looked every inch a king—young, confident, easy.

The Bishop of London went to each of the three sections of the church to ask if anyone could show reason why Charles Stuart should not be king of England. Since no one could, he then asked if they would do him homage, and they all shouted, "God save King Charles the Second." After another anthem, three of the bishops took Charles up to the high altar, where he deposited a pall of cloth of gold and a pound of gold, as tokens of his support of the church. Then he came back into Pepy's view and sat down in another chair to listen to the sermon by the Bishop of Worcester. After the sermon the bishops took the King back to the high altar for the taking of the oath, the anointing, and the vesting. It was a grief to Mr. Pepys that he could not see this service, but he comforted himself that not many others in the Abbey could see it either.

WHAT Pepys could not see was the King giving his oath that he would maintain the religion, Magna Carta, and the laws of the land; the King being stripped to the waist so that the sick and infirm old Archbishop of Canterbury might anoint him on the palms of his hands, on his breast and between the shoulders, on each elbow and on the crown of his head; and finally the vesting of him in the layer upon layer of ceremonial regalia. After the Archbishop had placed the imperial crown on the altar and said a prayer over it, he placed it on the King's anointed head. Pepys could tell, although he could not see, when this great climax occurred, because the people sent up a mighty shout.

The King came back into Pepys's view when he moved forward to sit again upon the throne, this time with his crown on his head. All the peers put their coronets on their heads too, except the barons, of course, who did not have coronets. The Lord Chancellor read a general pardon for the King's late enemies, and then while the fiddlers set to it vigorously on their fiddles, Lord Cornwallis went up and down flinging silver medals to the audience. Pepys tried his best to catch one, but none came near enough for him to grab one without toppling his neighbors from their precarious perches. By this time, after nine hours in the north scaffolds, nature had won a victory over his stout will anyway. He made his way toward the north doors through the people who were making so much noise that he could not hear the music.

After attending to what he had to attend to, he went out into the Abbey Yard. The whole area between the Abbey and Westminster Hall was now a solid mass of people, 10,000 of them, Pepys estimated. One broad passage between the Abbey and the Hall had been railed off and covered with blue cloth. The little man wormed his way along the periphery of the mass toward the Hall. Oddly enough, when he got there, he did not have much trouble getting in. Everybody's attention was still on the Abbey.

The central floor of the Hall was filled with dozens of long tables set up for the feast of St. George that was to follow immediately. The high walls were hung with bright new tapestries, and all around the edges scaffolds had been erected. They were already pretty well filled. In one little scaffold high up on his right, Pepys saw his wife, now free of the old people, surrounded by some of her former Westminster neighbors. His family arrangements attended to, he felt free to walk up and down. Mr. Pepys was a great one for walking up and down. In others' eyes he must have seemed a scurrying little fellow, brash and nosey, but in his own mind he conceived of himself with a kind of stately dignity "walking up and down." At last the sound of cheering and commotion at the north door announced the arrival of the coronation procession from the Abbey. Pepys climbed into one of the side stalls and stood to watch the elaborate procession make its way toward the royal tables at the farther end of the Hall. Now crowned and sceptered, the King walked under a canopy borne up by six silver staves and carried by the Barons of the Cinque Ports. Very slowly the royal party made their way to the tables arranged across the south end of the Hall. The peers with their ladies filed to their places at the tables running lengthwise of the Hall.

THE first course was served to the King by the resplendent Knights of the Bath, after the Earl of Albemarle had gone to the kitchen to taste a bit of the first dish. Nobody seriously thought that anybody would be trying to poison the King at his coronation feast; it was just part of old Gen-

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eral Monk's new duties as Master of the King's Horse and Serjeant of the Silver Scullery. For this bit of ceremonial scullery work, the Earl received all the silver dishes and plates used at the King's table that day.

When the King began the second course, Mr. Pepys discovered that he was hungry. He had nothing to eat all day. He jumped down from his place and made his way to the table of the Earl of Sandwich. With some difficulty he got word to the Earl that he was there and would like something to eat. His patron sent him four rabbits and a pullet. With some bread he cadged from another table, he and Mr. Creed, the Earl's secretary, went to one of the side stalls and ate their coronation dinner.

BY SIX that evening the banquet was finally over. He found his wife, and together they set out to tour the streets of Westminster to see the outdoor celebrating and the fireworks. Just as they began to walk down Parliament Street, the heavens, which had kindly withheld their rain for two days, suddenly opened up, "and it fell a-raining and thundering and lightening as I have not seen it do for some years: which people did take great notice of; God's blessing of the work of these two days." To which the young Londoner, who might be entranced by earthly glory but who would never surrender his commonsense to village superstition, added, "Which is a foolery to take too much notice of such things."

Through the rain and the flowing streets, he and Elizabeth wandered, looking at the carnival crowds, being stopped at one time and made to get down on their knees to drink a toast to the King. They made their way to the top of a house to see the fireworks, but the rain had forced a postponement of that spectacle. However, as they looked toward the City, London "had a light like a glory round about it with bonfires."

Seeing the congestion and the bedlam confusion that stretched from Westminster to St. Paul's and beyond, Pepys sent word to his father that they would not attempt to come home that night. He sent Elizabeth off to bed with Mrs. Hunt, an old Axe-Yard neighbor. Then he and Mr. Hunt set out to continue toasting the King. When he finally got to bed hours later at the Earl's house, he felt that he had managed his drinking like a gallant; but as soon as he lay down his head began to hum, his stomach to cavort, and if ever, he confessed, if ever he had been foxed in his life, he was now indeed foxed.

When he waked the next morning, his head and his stomach were in a very sad taking. Mr. Creed helped to put him back into some sort of practical shape by giving him his morning draught of chocolate. Out in the sodden and littered street, he was lucky to find a coach. He called at the Hunts for Elizabeth, and silently, miserably, they drove home to Seething Lane. They had been to the Coronation.

Love

By Carl Binger

WHEN I was a boy I was taught by my nurses
That it was wrong to love inanimate objects.
It was like referring to your mother as 'she';
They used to say: "Who is she—the cat's grand-mother?"
It was all right to *like* things, but not *love,*
That was reserved for people—mostly relatives.
They would have you say, the last thing at night:
God bless mamma and papa and all the others,
But I would slip in "Chief"—the fox-terrier, half under my breath;
He was both more than a person and less than a person.
But now I love many things:
A meadow and a marsh and a rose called "Fashion,"
The smell of the shore at low tide
And the neighbor's field over our stone wall.
All these I covet with a passion.
I have known the sin of pride
That comes before the fall
And the sin of visual concupiscence
But, according to my reminiscence,
I never quite believed the things they said
Who tucked such arrant nonsense in my head.

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PERSONALS

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SECRETARY WILL GO TO PARIS definite length of employment; return. References exchanged. Details to Box P-321.

(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Altar which Jacob built on the scene of his vision (comp.).	70 139 85 166 24 175 51 94
B. Father of Tubal-cain.	178 101 14 91 6 89
C. To make soft, to weaken.	196 41 71 132 181 83 30 97 134 113
D. Conducted aircraft by use of astronomy, recognition of landmarks, etc.	160 131 18 74 179 32 136 47
E. A radio installation constantly ready for service (2 wds.).	27 153 115 42 125 10 164 173
F. Faculty of seeing into the future.	87 197 98 180 62 23 137
G. Capacious.	187 121 7 163 33
H. An Irish stanza.	195 73 84 141
I. Dawn goddess to whom are addressed some of the noblest hymns in the Vedas.	55 109 38 168 69
J. The great auk.	22 92 189 76 43 108 96 40
K. Wrestler famous for use of the toe hold.	188 104 88 177 154
L. Saints in Utah (comp.).	123 52 103 78 110 4 148 15 95
M. Put under a spell.	162 100 102 135 39 77 66 117 81
N. A pettifogger.	118 107 65 182 174 63 44
O. Ambassador and his suite.	68 75 54 99 37 13 150
P. One of the most ancient occupations of the enslaved African (3 wds.; see Word X).	9 133 190 106 31 105 119 86 167 82 45 1 140 53
Q. Two-word appellation of Word T.	127 149 19 158 17 8 46 191 111 59 20 151
R. Well-watered.	169 90 72 172 12 60 144 186 199
S. A tyro.	11 126 161 21 146 34 138 198 80
T. Legendary figure in Word Q.	64 156 48 56 194 61 25 122 79
U. Designating the singing of ancient Greek music characterized by high pitch.	147 129 170 50 29 36 116
V. Member of a certain secret order; often not such a strange chap as you'd think (2 wds.).	58 192 16 145 128 93 157 3 120
W. Telephonic apparatus enabling persons at a distance to hear sounds from a stage.	57 171 176 114 142 165 183 193 159 185 28 152
X. The other occupation of enslaved Africans (see Word P; 3 wds.).	67 5 35 26 112 143 130 184 2 155 49 124

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 P	2 X	3 V	■	4 L	5 X	6 B	7 G	8 Q	9 P	10 E
11 S	12 R	13 O	■	14 B	15 L	16 V	17 Q	■	18 D	19 Q	■	20 Q	21 S	22 J	23 F	24 A
25 T	26 X	27 E	—	28 W	29 U	30 C	31 P	32 D	33 G	■	34 S	■	35 X	36 U	37 O	■
38 I	39 M	40 J	41 C	■	42 E	43 J	44 N	45 P	46 Q	47 D	■	48 T	49 X	■	50 U	51 A
52 L	53 P	■	54 O	55 I	56 T	■	57 W	58 V	■	59 Q	60 R	61 T	62 F	63 N	■	64 T
65 N	■	66 M	67 X	68 O	69 I	70 A	■	71 C	72 R	73 H	74 D	75 O	76 J	77 M	78 L	79 T
■	80 S	81 M	82 P	83 C	84 H	■	85 A	86 P	87 F	88 K	89 B	■	90 R	91 B	92 J	93 V
94 A	95 L	■	96 J	97 C	98 F	■	99 O	100 M	■	101 B	102 M	103 L	104 K	105 P	■	106 P
107 N	108 J	109 I	110 L	■	111 Q	112 X	113 C	114 W	115 E	116 U	117 M	118 N	119 P	■	120 V	121 G
122 T	123 L	124 X	■	125 E	126 S	127 Q	128 V	129 U	■	130 X	131 D	132 C	133 P	■	134 C	135 M
136 D	■	137 F	138 S	139 A	140 P	141 H	142 W	143 X	■	144 R	145 V	■	146 S	147 U	148 L	149 Q
150 O	■	151 Q	152 W	■	153 E	154 K	155 X	156 T	157 V	158 Q	■	159 W	160 D	161 S	162 M	■
163 G	164 E	165 W	166 A	■	167 P	168 I	169 R	170 U	171 W	■	172 R	173 E	■	174 N	175 A	176 W
■	177 K	178 B	179 D	180 F	181 C	182 N	■	183 W	184 X	■	185 W	186 R	187 G	■	188 K	189 J
190 P	191 Q	192 V	193 W	194 T	195 H	196 C	197 F	198 S	199 R	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 5 of this issue.

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Variations on a Theme of Haydn (Brahms) (Op. 56a)
Eduard van Beinum—Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam LL-735 $5.95

◈

En Saga—Symphonic Poem (Jean Sibelius) (Op. 9)
Tapiola—Symphonic Poem (Jean Sibelius) (Op. 112)
Eduard van Beinum-Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam LL-737 $5.95

◈

Der Freischutz—Vocal Highlights (von Weber)
Hans Hopf (tenor)—Maud Cunitz (soprano)
Emmy Loose (soprano)—Alfred Poell (baritone)
The Vienna State Opera Chorus and
The Vienna Philarmonic Orchestra
Conductor: Otto Ackermann LL-646 $.595

◈

Madama Butterfly—Vocal Highlights (Puccini)
Renata Tebaldi (soprano)
Giuseppe Campora (tenor)
Chorus and Orchestra of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia
Conductor: Alberto Erede LL-650 $5.95

◈

Sonata for Unaccompanied Violin (Bartók)
Wandy Tworak (violin) LS-711 $4.95

◈

Lucia di Lammermoor—Complete Mad Scene (Donizetti)
Hamlet—Complete Mad Scene (Thomas)
Mado Robin (soprano) with
L'Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris
Conductor: Richard Blareau LS-676 $4.95

Symphony No. 4 in C Minor (Tragic) (Schubert)
Eduard van Beinum—Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam LL-736 $5.95

◈

Sonata No. 13 in E Flat Major (Beethoven) (Opus 27, No. 1)
Sonata No. 14 in C Sharp Minor (Moonlight) (Beethoven) (Opus 27, No. 2)
Sonata No. 19 in G Minor (Beethoven) (Opus 49, No. 1)
Sonata No. 20 in G Major (Beethoven) (Opus 49, No. 2)
Wilhelm Backhaus—Piano LL-705 $5.95

◈

La Boheme—Vocal Highlights (Puccini)
Renata Tebaldi (soprano)
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Fernando Corena (bass)
Giovanni Inghilleri (baritone)
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◈

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Christian Ferras (violin) with
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◈

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Mentre ti lascio, o figlia (Mozart) (K. 513)
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Alceste—Il faut passer (Lully)
Cadmus et Hermione—Air de Cadmus (Lully)
Les Pèlerins de la Mecque—C'est un torrent impétueux (Gluck)
Castor et Pollux—Nature, amour (Rameau)
Gerard Souzay (baritone) with L'Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire de Paris
Conductor: Robert Cornman LS-730 $4.95

◈

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SR RECORDINGS SECTION

HIGHLIGHTS

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In Remembrance of Lipatti

By NADIA BOULANGER

Nadia Boulanger's composer-pupils have included such Americans as Aaron Copland and Walter Piston of an earlier generation, Harold Shapero, Arthur Berger, etc. of a later one. She is celebrated not only as a pedagogue but also as a composer and a specialist in the performance of early vocal music.

WHEN *The Saturday Review* invited me to write an article on Dinu Lipatti, my first reaction was to decline so great an honor: I am not a writer, and still less, alas, the poet required to do justice to such a subject. But, I then had an afterthought: few people have known Dinu Lipatti as well as I have. And I feel it is a privilege and a duty to pay my tribute, unworthy as it may be, to his great and dear memory.

This is written only for those who did not meet Dinu Lipatti. (The others do not need written or spoken tributes—they have understood!) Some may wonder, when they see his name, yesterday unknown and now so often quoted, who he really was, what he really did, in which way and for which reasons.

They may first of all wish to know that Dinu Lipatti was born on December 19, 1917, in Rumania, and that before learning his notes he used to improvise the whole day long. Imagination, sensitivity, sweetness he possessed by nature.

When he was four years old, it appeared that he might become a violinist. A very moving picture shows him, very small and so serious, with a small fiddle in his small hands, looking at his godfather, Georges Enesco, who is placing a crown of laurel on his little head. At seven he started his regular musical studies. It was felt that he would become a pianist, probably also a composer, but certainly—this was apparent in his eyes and in his whole behavior—a poet. At ten his gifts had blossomed out in such a way that no doubts remained as to his future. At fifteen he had won prizes, degrees, he had finished school, and he was already engaged in the constant struggle for improvement which he kept up until the hour of his death. He was never satisfied with himself, for he believed that each step in his progress was only a sign given to have the courage to proceed further relentlessly.

Home is where one starts from. As we grow older
The world becomes stranger, the pattern more complicated
Of dead and living. Not the intense moment
Isolated, with no before and after,
But a lifetime burning in every moment
And not the lifetime of one man only
But old stones that cannot be deciphered. —T. S. ELIOT.

Few more years only were granted to him in which to compose and to perform. On December 2, 1950, his life came to an end. He was not yet thirty-three years old.

His death was for us all a disaster.

Tears could be brought to the eyes and smiles on the lips, joy to the heart and contentment to the mind of the reader in telling him of Dinu Lipatti's legend-like childhood, his tragic fate, his radiant inner life, his peerless conscience. But how could words simple

Lipatti—"struggle for improvement."

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What's New on Columbia LP Records

JUNE RELEASES:

COMPOSER, WORK	PERFORMER AND NUMBER	COMMENT
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Shostakovitch: Ballet Russe and Tchaikovsky: Serenade Mélancolique and the "Andante" from Symphony No. 1 in G Minor.	Efrem Kurtz conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. ML 4671.	Satiric, melodious and Hi-Fi
Ravel: Quartet in F Major and Debussy: Quartet in G Minor.	The Budapest String Quartet. ML 4668.	Coupling of the Best Loved Quartets
Mozart: Sonata in D Major and Sonata in B-Flat Major.	Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin, piano four hands. ML 4667.	Mozart Four-handed Magic
Schönberg: A Survivor from Warsaw and Kol Nidre. Second Chamber Symphony.	Hans Swarowsky conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, Academic Chamber Chorus, Hans Jaray, narrator. Herbert Häfner conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra. ML 4664.	Among Schönberg's Greatest
Rhapsodies for Piano and Orchestra: Waltz Rhapsody — Out of My Dreams, A Wonderful Guy, Hello, Young Lovers, It's A Grand Night For Singing; If I Loved You, I Can't Get Started, All the Things You Are, My Ship, Fascinatin' Rhythm, Someone To Watch Over Me. (Settings by Gould).	Morton Gould at the piano and conducting his Orchestra. ML 4657.	Everyone's Favorites in handsome arrangements by Popular Morton Gould
Deep River: (A collection of American folk songs and ballads): Deep River, Water Boy, Mah Lindy Lou, Without A Song, Dusty Road, Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair.	William Warfield, baritone, with the Columbia Symphony Orchestra conducted by Lehman Engel. AL 32.	America's Great Baritone in Songs Loved by All
Meditations: Ave Maria (Schubert), Komm Süsser Tod (Bach), Litany For All Souls Day (Bach), Herzlich Thut Mich Verlangen (Brahms).	William Primrose, viola, and Vernon De Tar, organ. Recorded in the Church of the Ascension, New York City. AL 33.	King of the Violists in Moving performances
MAY RELEASES: (partial listing)		
Honegger: Jeanne D'Arc Au Bûcher.	Vera Zorina, others, Temple University Choirs, St. Peter's Boys' Choir and The Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. SL-178 (2 record set).	First On "Lp" Last Word in Performance!
Sibelius: Lemminkäinen Suite.	Eugene Ormandy conducting The Philadelphia Orchestra. ML 4672.	First Complete Performance on "Lp"
Haydn: Symphony No. 45 in F-Sharp Minor ("Farewell") and Symphony No. 7 in C Major ("Le Midi").	Eugene Ormandy conducting The Philadelphia Orchestra. ML 4673.	Delightful Haydn by one of the greatest orchestras
Chopin: Concerto No. 1 in E Minor.	Gyorgy Sandor, piano, with The Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. ML 4651.	Beautiful performance of a popular concerto
Franck: Sonata in A Major and Grieg: Sonata in A Minor.	Leonard Rose, 'cello, and Leonid Hambro, piano. ML 4652.	Chamber Music favorites
Sibelius: Symphony No. 1 in E Minor.	Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart., conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. ML 4653.	Beecham Conducts one of his specialties
Schubert: Trio No. 2 in E-Flat Major.	Adolf Busch, violin, Herman Busch, 'cello, and Rudolf Serkin, piano. ML 4654.	One of Schubert's last and greatest by master musicians
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Michael Rabin Plays. A program of popular encore pieces.	Michael Rabin, violin, and Artur Balsam, piano. AL 30.	Youthful performances of favorite encores

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DISCOGRAPHY

COLUMBIA RECORDINGS

BACH: *Choral: "Jesu bleibet meine Freude" (Cantata No. 147)*
Sicilienne (Sonata in E flat minor) LB 109/LP 4633
Preludes: "Ich ruf' zu Dir": "Nun komm' der Heiden Heiland" LZX 263/LP 4633
Partita in B flat LX 8744-45/LP 4633

CHOPIN: *Sonata in B minor (opus 58)* LX 994-96
Nocturne in D minor (opus 27 No. 2) LB 63
Barcarolle, opus 60 LX 1437
Waltzes LX 1341-6/LP 4522

GRIEG: *Concerto in A minor, with Philharmonia Orchestra directed by Herbert von Karajan* LX 1110-13/LP 4525

LISZT: *Sonnetto del Petrarca No. 104* LB 68

MOZART: *Sonata in A minor (K. 310)* LX 8788-9/LP 4633

RAVEL: *Alborado del Gracioso* LB 70

SCARLATTI: *Sonata in E (Longo 23)*
Sonata in D minor (Longo 413) LB 113

SCHUMANN: *Concerto in A minor (Orchestra as above)* LX 8624-27/LP 4525

HIS MASTER'S VOICE

BRAHMS: *Waltzes, opus 39, for two pianos. With Nadia Boulanger* DB 50-61

IN PREPARATION

D. LIPATTI: *Sonatine for left hand alone, by Bela Siki*

D. LIPATTI: *Four "Mélodies": Hugues Cuenod, tenor, with Madeleine Lipatti, piano*

---

enough be found to describe them? Everything in him was so natural, so true, so pure, and unavoidable.

May we succeed in helping his heritage to survive. We have great need of it.

I see in his last preached and printed Booke
His picture in a sheet. In Pauls I looke,
And see his Statue in a sheet of stone.
And sure his body in the grave hath one,
Those sheetes present him dead; these, if you buy,
You have him living to Eternity.
—JOHN MARRIOT.

When the compositions of Dinu Lipatti are all printed, the greatness of his gifts and of his craftmanship will be recognized. It will become obvious that he was really a composer, one who heard notes, rhythms, who knew and enjoyed to assemble them, to choose, and to reject, to organize time and build forms; one who found his pleasure and his real self in the process, and who used the technical means of his art to create the emotions resulting from achieved beauty.

In his recordings, each note is a lesson of modesty and understanding; and it is through devotion and submission to the work and to the text that the personality of Dinu Lipatti comes to full light. This attitude is fully explained, in the letter Dinu Lipatti wrote to a young pianist who had asked him for advice. This letter is included in the book published by Labor and Fides—Genève—under his name, for the first anniversary of his death in December 1951. In hearing these records, one is struck by the fact that never better and seldom as well did the unity of the works and the perfection of each of the details appear more convincingly.

Technicalities are out of place here; let us however dissociate the elements of piano playing and of musical understanding in order to benefit more fully by so complete a mastery.

TO PERFORM its duty—which is to govern—the mind must have been trained in such a way that nothing can escape its control: this implies ears able to catch sound, isolated as well as superimposed or in linear succession, to feel rhythm (I mean rhythm and not only bar division; this in itself is a subject which would require endless comments), and eventually to make the complex structure of the work as a whole perceptible.

In order to obey the commands of the mind, the fingers, the hands, the arms must have achieved such a degree of independence and skill, such variety of touch, of such a delicacy, a speed and strength, that they can all at once perform everything which is required.

That mind and body should have been granted natural faculties goes without saying; but with gifts alone one cannot get very far. It is important to remember that the greater the gifts the greater must be the character, the power of work, the conscience, the moral and spiritual value of him to whom they were given.

I know "Unto every one that hath shall be given and he shall have abundance" (S. Math. XXV) but this is not achieved without great labor and patience, without great love and great respect from the one who received.

Hear these records of Dinu Lipatti, hear them many times; surround them with silence, without which there is no real attention, and you will understand what message they deliver. You will understand how one reaches unity by taking the utmost care of every detail with love and joy. We learn from those who see better and hear more than we do, that nothing can be considered granted and that nothing can be neglected.

I HOPE these records and these works will bring you to love and admire Dinu Lipatti as much as we who knew him do, and to say of him with the poet:

He who bends to himself a Joy
Does the wingéd life destroy;
But he who kisses the Joy as it flies
Lives in Eternity's sunrise.
—WILLIAM BLAKE.

COMPOSITIONS OF DINU LIPATTI

1933 *Suite Symphonique "Tziganes" for orchestra*
1936 *Fantasie for piano, violin, and violoncello*
1936 *Sonatine for piano and violin*
1937 *Concertino in classical style for piano and orchestra (Universal Edition, Vienna)*
1938 *Symphonie concertante for two pianos and string orchestra*
1939 *Three Nocturnes for piano*
1940 *Fantasy for piano*
1941 *Sonatina for the left hand alone*
1941 *Five songs on poems of Verlaine*
1941 *Fantasy for piano and organ*
1943 *Three Roumanian Dances for two pianos*
1945 *Three Roumanian Dances (second version for piano and large orchestra)*
1945 *Four "Mélodies" for voice and piano*
1949 *Aubade for wind quartet*
1936 *Cadenza for D minor concerto of Mozart*
1939 *Cadenza for E flat concerto of Mozart (two pianos)*
1944 *Cadenza for concerto in D of Haydn*
Cadenza for concerto in B flat of Mozart
1945 *Cadenza for concerto in C (K. 467) of Mozart*

TRANSCRIPTIONS:

1938 *D. Scarlatti: Two sonatas (C, G) arranged for quartet of wind instruments*
1950 *J. S. Bach: Pastorale in F (original for organ)*
J. S. Bach: Two etudes (after Cantata 208)
J. S. Bach: "Réalisation" of the continuo of the "Musical Offering" (Igor Markevitch orchestral version)

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Winners of the "Enigma" Contest

GRAND PRIZE

KIRK HOLLINGSWORTH, *New York City. Suggested Source: "Una Bella Serenata" from Mozart's "Cosi."*

By IRVING KOLODIN

ASKING for public participation in a contest for which there is no conclusive answer has its risks —and they were cheerfully understood by the panel of judges (George Marek of RCA Victor; Mrs. C. Elgar Blake, the composer's daughter; and myself) before the proposition was put forth. We weren't, after all, just counting box tops or record labels: merely asking for a "plausible" answer as to the musical material Sir Edward Elgar had in mind as the basis for the theme on which he created his *own* theme for the famous "Variations" (opus 35).

Several lines of thought were evident as the answers began to accumulate. One was Mrs. Blake's confidence, relayed through the closed circuit of a trans-Atlantic hook-up arranged by BBC, that she, in person, *might* have made all the conversation academic, all the searching pointless, had she said "Yes" rather than "No" when her father once offered to confide in her.

"I should have had the most dreadful feeling," she said, "of going about with this secret and having to keep it to myself."

So she asked not to be made the custodian. To some persons this has nailed down, as irrefutable, the thesis that there must, then, be an actual answer. Didn't her father, Sir Edward, offer to tell her what it was? But, perhaps, all he was going to tell her was that there *WAS* no hidden theme . . . a kind of Lady or the Tiger situation.

Since we cannot know, in all certainty, whether the whole thing was a hoax or not—no matter how opinionated I, or Mrs. Blake, or any of dozens of others who submitted answers may feel an opinion is not a certainty—we had to heed the views of those who argued, with various degrees of eloquence, that we were chasing a cold scent, and overlooking the only evidence worth valuing: the music itself.

If we inclined, nevertheless, to a first award embodying a positive rather than a negative attitude, it could only mean that the bench was hoping to prove a case, rather than merely trying one.

Almost staggering in its ingenuity and effort was the answer submitted by Robert L. Schmitz, of Hoeman, Oklahoma, who keyed his answer to the 1897 score of "La Boheme." No other would do, for in the subsequent editions, the page numberings were altered, upsetting the intricate references Mr. Schmitz traced between the two objects. He also wrote us a ten-page article expounding his thesis. I was much impressed by the observatory powers of Miss Grace Campbell of Philadelphia in finding a pattern in the cryptogram which had baffled its recipient, Mrs. Dora Powell, these many years. Miss Campbell declares it to be composed of floral symbols in various arrangements, in a combination of 13x13, or a total of 169.

ANOTHER engaging thought occurred to Ivor Hugh, of Manchester, Vt., who elected "None shall part us" from "Iolanthe." The sentiment accords with the friendly purpose by which Sir Edward's writing is animated; it relates also to the consideration that the composer at one time thought of including Sir Arthur Sullivan among the "variationees."

John P. Collins of Seattle, Washington, struck a sympathetic chord with his conjecture that the "hidden" theme of the "Enigma" was none other than the familiar lament of Dido from Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas": "When I am laid in earth—remember me!" This also could be the "dark saying" to which Sir Edward alluded as imbedded in the conception of the whole work.

When all the attractions, verbal and otherwise, of these thoughts had been appraised, they still lacked something in the area of *plausibility* required. Possibility, perhaps; but not a real enough musical relationship—or refutation of it—to give one a feeling that more than coincidence was involved, that there was a lively connection between the contestant's suggestion and the expression of Elgar. As finally judged, this appeared in two of the many answers. Taking in account one duplication, one refutation, and one peroration on the whole subject of the "Enigma," Elgar and the many-centuried history of England, the slate of nominees for the five specified places was thus filled.

The refutation first: Bernard Mandel of Arlington, Va., offered the best case for the negative view in these terms:

> 1. Elgar was a man with both a sense of humor and an artist's awareness of the lack of compatibility between the artist and those of us who attempt to explain the artist's work.
> 2. Hence he decided to have himself a good laugh at the expense of those . . . who are ever ready to consider primarily anything about a piece of music rather than primarily concerning themselves directly with the music itself.
> 3. And he succeeded in the "Enigma" variations in putting over his little joke. Instead of accepting the piece as music with a wonderful theme and even more wonderful variations . . . we set ourselves to explain and to explain and to explain again what requires no explanation.
> 4. So the explanation of the theme of the "Enigma" variations and of the

(*Continued on page* 64)

SECOND PRIZE

BERNARD MANDELL, Arlington, Va. No source.

THIRD, FOURTH, AND FIFTH PRIZES

LOUISE POTT HAVENS, New York City. Suggested Source: "Agnus Dei"; Bach B Minor Mass.

JOACHIM F. WOHLWILL, Chicago, Ill. Suggested Source: Slow Movement, Sonata opus 13 ("Pathetique") of Beethoven.

YASHITO TAKEUCHI, Meguro-ku Tokyo, Japan. Suggested Source: British National Anthem.

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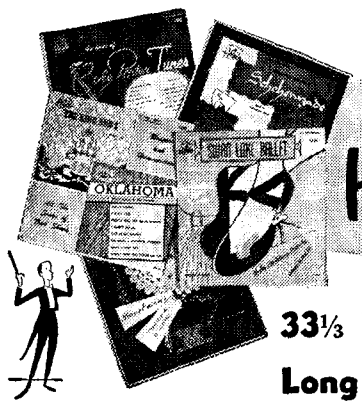

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1249 AN HOUR OF VIENNESE WALTZES
1250 AN HOUR OF AMERICAN WALTZES
1254 AN HOUR OF LATIN AMERICAN RHYTHMS
1255 AN HOUR OF HAWAIIAN MELODIES—Song of the Islands; You are Like a Beautiful Flower; Sweet Constancy, etc.
1313 DEBUSSY: AFTERNOON OF A FAUN
RAVEL: BOLERO
1311 SMETANA: DIE MOLDAU
HINDEMITH: DER SCHWANENDREHER
1300 GRIEG: PEER GYNT SUITES NOS. 1 & 2
1294 KHACHATURIAN: GAYNE BALLET SUITE
RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: CAPRICCIO ESPAGNOL
1283 MOUSSORGSKY: PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION
1338 DELIBES: COPPELIA BALLET, SYLVIA
1370 HOUR WITH RICHARD STRAUSS—Der Rosenkavalier; Till Eulenspiegel, Don Juan
1244 PIANO ENCORES—Rhapsody in Blue, Moonlight Sonata, Polonaise, Invitation to the Waltz.
1214 CHOPIN—Piano Duet Etude in E Minor, Mazurka in F Sharp Minor, Etude in E Minor, Prelude No. 18, etc.
1245 VIOLIN ECHOES OF VIENNA—Caprice Viennois, Liebeslied, Tambourin Chinois, Liebesfreud, Danube Waves, Csardas, Romany Romance, Violets, Submission, etc.
1281 MYSTERIOUS MUSIC OF ROMANCE—Hans Sieder and his Zither Music—Opera Ball; Tango Grinzing, etc.
1201 STRAUSS WALTZES—Berlin Symphony Orchestra
1202 VIENNESE WALTZES—Berlin Symphony Orchestra
1215 PIANO MELODIES OF CHOPIN—Duets, Preludes, Polonaisses, Etude and Nocturne
PIANO MELODIES OF DEBUSSY—Arthur Sanford at the Piano—Clair de Lune, Reverie, etc.
1227 MUSIC OF THE BALLET—SCHUBERT, BORODIN, DELIBES.
1216 TSCHAIKOWSKY MUSIC—Romeo and Juliet, Swan Lake, 1812 Overture
1217 GRIEG PROGRAM—Peer Gynt Suite, Norwegian Dances, Triumphal March, Morning, etc.
1246 PROKOFIEV: PETER AND THE WOLF
DEBUSSY: CHILDREN'S CORNER SUITE
1259 STRAUSS: TILL EULENSPIEGEL; SIBELIUS; FINLANDIA. BACH: BRANDENBURG CONCERTO No. 4
1275 FALLA: NIGHTS IN THE GARDENS OF SPAIN
MOZART: EINE KLEINE NACHTMUSIK, K 525—
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1343 AN HOUR WITH IRVING BERLIN: Soft Lights and Sweet Music, All by Myself, They say it's Wonderful
1345 LATIN HOUR WITH NORO MORALES: Temptation, Zambumbo, El Tubito, Jack, Jack, Jack, etc.
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PAGLIACCI (Leoncavallo) Excerpts
1354 THE FLYING DUTCHMAN (Wagner) Excerpts
1355 MARTHA (Flotow) Excerpts: Malaguena (Albeniz; Clair de Lune (Debussy); Hungarian Dances (Brahms)
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Vivaldi Revitalized

By Paul Henry Lang

THE first half of the eighteenth century is firmly established in the minds of the music-loving public as well as of most musicians as "The Age of Bach and Handel." The deep shadow cast by these two giants over the entire era virtually blankets all other musical figures. The historian has long since objected to this uninformed state of affairs, pointing out the abundance of great music in all lands during the High Baroque, but learned dissertations and scholarly editions seldom find their way into the hands of the public or of practising musicians. Now the phonograph is about to change this situation virtually overnight; some of the recordings presently to be discussed have been made from unpublished manuscripts!

The last two decades of the seventeenth century exhibit an international stylistic rapprochement that is fascinating to observe. When the eighteenth century dawns, the new style has appeared in unprecedented richness, in great forms, in undimmed energy, always elevated tone, warm blooded pathos; an eternal festivity of rhythms that never miss, and melodies that never falter. As the century progresses certain types of music reach colossal proportions and certain basic motivic funds form entire cycles with the aid of a fabulous ability for variation and spinning out of the musical substance. It is thus that the great structures of oratorio, passion, mass, chorale fantasia, organ fugue, concerto, variation cycle, and festive opera arose. These are not only musical miracles, but miracles of creative temperament. It is quite natural that such artists are bound to see life as a drama, and indeed the leading musicians of the 1700's are all musico-dramatists no matter what the medium they worked in. It is not only in the operas that we encounter this dramatic tone, Handel's oratorios, Bach's passions, Lalande's motets—and Vivaldi's concertos—are essentially stageless music dramas. Whether opera or concerto, all music revels in the sensuous beauty of melody, and the fiddler was expected to sing with as much feeling and abandon as the best of singers.

The first great lyricists of this newly found instrumental song was Corelli, and side by side with the violin sonata and trio sonata he now cultivated a third genre of string music, the concerto. This new and triumphal genre opposed a large body of instruments—the *concerto* or tutti—to a single or a few instruments—the solo or *concertino*. Needless to say, all this was prepared before Corelli, but he is the first poet of the violin.

Vivaldi was about twenty years old when he became acquainted with the concerto and the new kingdom of the *singing* instrument. Being a violinist he was carried away by the new style and there followed a veritable avalanche of instrumental compositions, mainly concertos for one or more solo instruments or for orchestra alone. The number of these works is simply fantastic; Pincherle's excellent catalogue lists 541 instrumental works of which 444 are concertos, Vivaldi's most congenial domain. The variety of these concertos is remarkable, for this man was an individualist, bound by no petty rules, working seemingly on the spur of the moment. His slow movements, sicilianos, strange fantasies over ostinato basses, startling string recitatives, rise from the depths and fall back into the mist, like apparitions. The fast pieces light fires as if to illuminate some festivity, and his rhythms and melodies attempt to conjure up nature. There is something of the adventurer, nay gipsy, in Vivaldi and it must be this quality that made him into a child of nature, unlike most of his classical colleagues. He is indeed fantastic and unpredictable for he is a new phenomenon: the Southern romanticist. He was born in freedom, composed as an utterly free artist, and died free, albeit in the freedom of oblivion and solitude. And when he died the curtain was about ready to be lowered on the great scene of the Baroque.

During the last few months a handsome bouquet of recordings has brought Vivaldi much closer to us and it is a pleasure to report that with one exception all these recordings are excellent, in good taste, and in good style. Polymusic Records (PRLL 1006) has issued four concertos played by the Orchestre Symphonique de Paris under Charles Bruch, Elliot Magaziner solo violin. Aside from the fine technical job, this recording is to be commended for the intelligent selection of four entirely different concertos. Two of them (E min., F maj.) are true orchestral concertos without any solo, a genre that received little attention until Marc Pincherle's recent monumental work on Vivaldi's instrumental compositions. Here is a "missing link" to the nascent symphony that deserves to be studied.

THE other two are solo concertos, real "display" pieces in the best sense of the word. The orchestra performs nobly, conductor and soloist are, on the whole, quite good even though the latter takes occasional liberties with the tempo while the former's rhythm and grace notes leave something to be desired. A rather unusual act on the part of the recording company calls for special praise: they engaged the foremost authority on Vivaldi, Pincherle, to write the accompanying notes. Vox (PL 7420) contributes twelve concertos played by the Pro Musica String Orchestra of Stuttgart under Rolf Reinhardt, Reinhold Barchet solo violin. This set, known as *L'Estro Armonico*, Vivaldi's first published concertos, so fascinated Bach that he transcribed half of them for harpsichord and organ, thereby creating with one stroke the keyboard concerto. The issuing of this set affords us the rare pleasure of comparing the two great composers and observing the genesis of a genre. Performance and recording, while not extraordinary, are good and there are some informed and informative notes by Herman Adler. Another even dozen of concertos, *La Cetra* (Concert Hall 1134), played by Louis Kaufman and the Orchestra National of Paris, is labeled, not quite aptly, a "discovery" of the soloist. This naive contention should not, however, minimize the very real zeal and devotion Mr. Kaufman brings to his task. Unfortunately, neither his

Vivaldi—"fantastic and unpredictable."

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tone nor his mannerisms is suited to this kind of music, and this recording belongs to another league.

Now we come to a phase of Vivaldi's creative activity that makes even seasoned students of music sit up and listen with amazement: his vocal music. In fact, none of us should be surprised, for with the sole exception of Corelli all Italian musicians of the times were, of course, vocal composers, and a *Gloria* issued by Vox some time ago should have warned us of the presence of a major choral composer. The record is again staggering: thirty-six (and possibly close to fifty) operas can be traced, of which eighteen are extant, and the number of sacred and secular vocal compositions, masses, cantatas, etc. is just about endless. Vox now follows up its pioneering act by two other masterpieces: an oratorio, *Beatus Vir* (PL 7140) and a Serenata entitled *La Ninfa e il Pastore*, for three solo voices and final chorus (PL 7990), both excellently recorded and performed. The "oratorio" is nothing like the Handelian colossi we are accustomed to and is the type known as the Latin oratorio, an outgrowth of the liturgic dialogues. The Latin oratorio was, understandably, much less popular and numerous than the "volgare," i. e. the vernacular, but was lavishly supported by the clergy and the aristocracy. It was especially cultivated in the female orphanages or "conservatories" in one of which Vivaldi served as music master. The fantasy and individuality of Vivaldi is again demonstrated in this remarkable piece which is held together by a recurring choral ritornel, and offers sizable orchestral introductions, coloratura arias, contrasting dramatic gestures, and a final fugal summary. The little pastoral play is again quite different, and introduces the seasoned opera composer. Delightful arias are separated by well shaped recitatives and by little orchestral introductions, here murmuring, there impetuously racing. The arias abound in sophisticated rhythms and show capricious melodic design, and there are all manner of fugal passages, even ostinato-like basses. The variety is astounding and the work is nothing short of a masterpiece. The presentation seems to be authentic but some of the *da capo* sections seem to have been snipped off and the orchestra may have been touched up a little bit. But the performance is excellent, thoroughly enjoyable and entertaining. It is hoped that this commendable enterprise will be continued and that especially Vox, a company that employs expert advisors, will continue to give us such judiciously chosen works from among the baffling wealth of available material.

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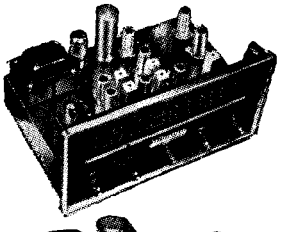

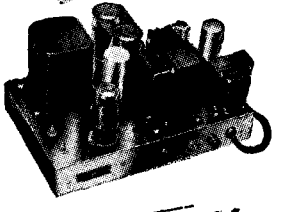

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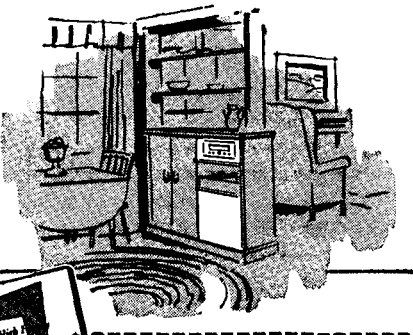

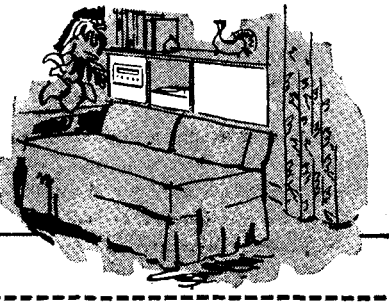

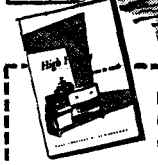

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King of the Slip-horn

By Wilder Hobson

WILBUR DE PARIS is a trombonist and gentleman for whom I entertain the highest personal and artistic respect. Some years back my wife asked him whether he had ever visited the city for which he is named, and when he said that he had had that good fortune she pressed him for any lively recollections of life on the Seine. Wilbur gladly regaled us with the memory of the afternoon when he first took his place at a sidewalk café. "I sat down," he said, "and when the waiter approached and asked if I wished to order anything, I happened to lapse into the Southern vernacular. I said 'sho.' He brought me a glass of hot water."

Well, Wilbur and his Rampart Street Ramblers have made an LP of superior Dixieland which is *trés chaud* indeed (Atlantic ALS 141). This is partly because Wilbur is present himself with a slide trombone that really slides, and partly because his brother Sidney de Paris is one of the best hot trumpets in the world—incisive, just, in fact positively final—and partly because the rest of the band is right up to scratch. There is the stunning old clarinetist Omer Simeon and Don Kirkpatrick, piano; Eddie Gibbs, banjo; Harold Jackson, bass; and Fred Moore, drums. The material they work with is excellent. Cecil Macklin's grand historic one-step "Tres Moutarde" is followed by Jelly Roll Morton's "The Pearls," which is given an appropriately elegant reading, and then Wilbur plays my own personal theme song, "Hindustan," with trombone passage work that turns me green as the floor of Yosemite. On the other side there is a De Paris arrangement of Rachmaninoff's C Sharp Minor which makes it sound as if the craggy Russian had spent a good deal of time in cake walking contests. "The Martinique" is a De Paris original with slight Caribbean fragrances, and the outfit winds up with "The Saints," which is first played at a refreshingly moderate tempo and is then treated to a ludicrous trombone fantasia by the leader man. May he live a thousand years.

As a recent reader of "Annapurna" I am moved to say that in the massif where Wilbur de Paris looms another glittering peak can be seen somewhat off to the left. This is Milfred W. Mole, discovered *circa* 1923 by expeditions to the Original Memphis Five. Noted in his youth for the length and fascination of his melodic line and for the staccato elegance of his execution, he has become somewhat tougher and more Negroid in his middle years, but "Miff" is still a trombonists' trombonist and he is wonderful on the LP "Dixieland At Jazz Ltd.: Volume 1" (Atlantic ALS 139) with Doc Evans, trumpet; Ralph Blank, piano; Doc Cernardo, drums; Sy Nelson, bass; and Bill Reinhardt, clarinet. The feature of this is a series of choruses by "Miff" on "Tin Roof Blues" in the course of which he descends lower and lower and lands, penultimately, in the pedal tones. It is virtuoso pedalling, very moving and very funny. There are also rattling good interpretations of "Jazz Me Blues," "The Charleston," and "High Society."

On "Dixieland at Jazz Ltd.: Volume 2" (Atlantic ALS 140) there are other blessings, this time with Sidney Bechet, soprano saxophone; Muggsy Spanier and Doc Evans, trumpets; Don Ewell, piano; Munn Ware, trombone; Wally Gordon, drums; Sid Thall, bass; and Bill Reinhardt, clarinet. These splendid men drop in on Washington and Lee, Maryland,

De Paris—"May he live a thousand years."

Egypt and way stations, and as the aged Alabama philosopher said when an old friend delicately suggested that the sage's young wife was rather general with her favors: "They's plenty there for all."

From the modern wing of California jazz activity comes a most attractive LP called "Sunday Jazz a La Lighthouse" (Lighthouse Vol. 1). The jacket, inexcusably, does not identify the players with their instruments and I have, inexcusably, lost a roster which the Lighthouse people were kind enough to send me. In any event, this is very suave and knowing jazz with dazzling drumming by Shelley Manne. The other players are Howard Rumsey, Shorty Rogers, Milt Bernhart, Jim Giuffre, Bob Cooper, Maynard Ferguson, Frank Patchen, Hamp Hawes, and Carlos Vidal. The titles are "Bernie's Tune," "Solitaire," "Morgan Davis," "La Söncailli," "Four Others," "All The Things You Are," "Creme de Menthe," and "Viva Zapata!" This music, like so much today, may be chiefly intended for listening, but it is also immensely danceable.

THE late Jimmy Yancey plays a program of his truly poetic boogie-woogie on the LP "Jimmy Yancey" (Atlantic LP 134). Those who think that this piano style is outworn are usually confusing the style with its swarms of dull, mechanical executants. Yancey was all music. I have not admired much of the piano playing of Erroll Garner, finding it for the most part mannered and often rhythmically stuttering, but an LP of his earliest recordings is very pleasing. He is in a generally romantic and opulent vein in "Blues I Can't Forget," "Soft and Warm," "Boogie Woogie Hoogie," "Perdido," "I Get A Kick Out Of You," "All The Things You Are," "Everything Happens To Me," and "I'm In The Mood For Love" (Atlantic 128).

That man Clancy Hayes who sings with so much syncopated lift in front of Bob Scobey's Frisco Band is back again with two beauties, the old favorite "Silver Dollar" and the hymn to fraud, "Ace In The Hole." Clancy takes title to a tune in the laziest and most ingratiating way and the assistance afforded by Scobey would be hard to beat (Good Time Jazz No. 78). Have your best girl slip on her white organdy and treat the turntable to "Golden Slippers" (James A. Bland) and "Chicken Pickin' Reel" (Dick Roberts) by The Banjo Kings: Dick Roberts, tenor banjo, and Red Roundtree, plectrum banjo (Good Time Jazz No. 80). This is all innocence and light.

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Young Master Mozart

MOZART: *Symphonies No. 1 (K. 16), 2 (K. 17), 5 (K. 22), 6 (K. 43)* Concert Hall Society No. 1165. *Symphonies No. 4 (K. 19), 10 (K. 74), 11 (K. 84), 14 (K. 114)* C. H. S. No. 1166. *Concerti for piano and string orchestra (K. 107), Nos. 1, 2, 3* C. H. S. No. 1164. *Concerti for piano and orchestra, Nos. 3 (K. 40) and 4 (K. 41)* C. H. S. No. 1163. Artur Balsam, pianist, Winterthur Symphony Orchestra, Otto Ackermann, conductor.

IN making available eight youthful Mozart symphonies and five of his piano concertos (composed between the ages of eight and fifteen) in compact recorded form and with excellent annotations by James Lyons, Concert Hall Society has placed the music-lover in its debt. Four double-face discs cover this span of Mozart's early activity; and two of them—containing the symphonies—are worth having for many reasons.

That Mozart's genius was evident at the very beginning of his career, in a form clearer than that given to any of his peers, is too well known to require comment. Still, on listening to these recordings, one is caught in amazement at the sounds of Symphony No. 1, written when the composer was aged eight. The daring woodwind harmonization of the opening subject, the elusive mood of the slow movement, would be the marks of a creator at any age. Symphony No. 2, though more conventional in the round, also bears unmistakable signs of Mozart as master. Nos. 5 and 11 anticipate the style of "Eine kleine Nachtmusik"; Nos. 4 and 6 are well made but less individual; and, in Nos. 10 and 14, Concert Hall Society has given us two little known symphonies which, in many of their pages, belong to the first rank. All these works are well played by the Winterthur Orchestra under the knowing and sympathetic direction of Otto Ackermann.

The youthful concertos for piano and string orchestra, though interesting in a historical way, are less compelling as music. Written in the manner of Johann Christian Bach, they bear not much relationship to the main stream of Mozartean music. They are given clean, vigorous, but not always lyrical performances by Artur Balsam as soloist. —ROBERT LAWRENCE.

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Honegger to Harpsichord

By Arthur Berger

IT IS rather unlikely that Arthur Honegger, rapidly executing a commission in 1921 for music for the Morax stage production of "Roi David," had a premonition of the enormous success his score would enjoy on its own as prototype for the grand twentieth-century oratorio with heroic subject. "Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher" (Columbia set SL 178), quite by contrast—or so it would seem to me—is the product of a composer of skill and long experience who knows only too well that he is an authority in the genre. In the years intervening between the two works he had assumed the heroic attitude several times—in the biblical opera, "Judith," for example, and again in the Greek tragedy, "Antigone," as adapted by Cocteau. He would inevitably be among the first to whom Ida Rubinstein would turn in 1938 for a dramatic oratorio based on Claudel's version of the trial and execution of Joan.

But it was precisely because Honegger had become such an authority in the genre that he could turn out a finished specimen on order without probing deeply into his personal experience. Next to "Roi David," his "Jeanne d'Arc" has the character of an extravaganza shrewdly planned, as Cecil B. de Mille might plan it, to overwhelm and dazzle the widest possible public. The figurated chorale, evocative of Bach, natural though it was in "Roi David," seems like a borrowed expedient in "Jeanne d'Arc." The quotations from Gregorian chant and old French song are lovely in themselves, but in the whole they figure as just two more examples of the sundry formulae of standard musico-dramatic materials that Honegger has exploited for all too obviously calculated effect.

Musically there are some impressive passages, the choral writing is very fine and the idiom is unmistakably Honegger's. As for the drama, such things as violence, shouting, or vast crowds rioting communicate themselves more effectively to the eye than to the ear. It is easily to be understood, however, that anyone might be genuinely moved by Claudel's rendering of Joan's story and the urgency of Zorina's recitation in the name-part. Also, an uncommon degree of polish and sumptuousness has been achieved by the recording engineers as well as by the massed forces performing under Ormandy's direction. (Besides the Philadelphia Orchestra, the participants include Frances Yeend, Carolyn Long, Martha Lipton, David Lloyd, and Kenneth Smith for singing roles, members of the Renaud-Barrault Company for the spoken roles, and the Temple University and St. Peter's Boys' Choirs.)

SYLVIA MARLOWE has made a special place for herself in the music world not only for her artistry as a performer on the harpsichord but also for her energies and success in urging composers with thoroughly up-to-date outlook to write for an instrument identified, despite its current revivalism, with the distant past. With taste and foresight she has assembled around her some of the most worthwhile creative talents and she has amassed quite an impressive repertory both for harpsichord solo and for her newly formed Harpsichord Quartet.

What amounts to merely a handful of the fruits of Miss Marlowe's admirable pioneering effort is available to record buyers now for the first time (New Editions LP 3). I am not a passionate admirer of the neo-Orientalism of Alan Hovhaness largely because of the self-imposed limitation of modality. But the sound of harpsichord combined with flute, oboe and cello is, in itself, fascinating, and it brings out the best in him. The brevity of the movements of his quartet is also an important factor where the tolerance of his orientalism is concerned, though the device of ending each of them as if it were cut off in its midst is a bit naive.

Sylvia Marlowe—"a special place."

The motives that have led, in our century, to the harpsichord's revival and to the creative movement loosely known as neo-classicism undoubtedly have a common origin in a certain valid retrospective attitude. The two thus go well together in the solos on the Marlowe LP. John Lessard's Toccata lies closest to the austere Stravinskian neo-classicism, while Vittorio Rieti's evocation of the past (witness the title, "Sonata all'Antica") is in the lighthearted spirit of a day's outing or a passing, recreational nod to the past.

Rieti's work is the most satisfying one on this LP. But Lessard is a young man who bears watching. If the finale of his Toccata plods on and on doggedly like an exercise, the other movements have much that is excellent. Thomson's disarmingly simple Fourth Sonata, the only one of these works originally for piano, is an amusing little affair, so effectively transformed by Miss Marlowe's registration that it now seems pale on any instrument but the harpsichord. All through her select little program she plays with elegance and elan, and the reproduction, too, is excellent.

FROM year to year Meyer Kupferman finds a new style with which to dally, but he has failed as yet to convince me that he has established even transitory identity with any of them or that he genuinely understands their nature. Having sampled twelve-tone technique, among other things, he recently sallied into the opposite camp with his Little Symphony (Vanguard LP 434). It opens promisingly with an eminently Stravinskian figure and instrumental distribution, but as it progresses it becomes obvious that it is really the familiar Prokofieff caricature of classicism that he is emulating—but not very gracefully, with the result that the whole verges on crude potpourri.

This young American composer shows, however, experience as practical musician and an obvious facility with notes. Facility, on the other hand, is what Howard Swanson seems not to have. His Short Symphony, with which the Kupferman work is coupled, has received more attention than I think it merits. I hope its success will not deter its composer from seeking further for the technical means to deploy properly the innate sensitivity he undoubtedly has. The Vienna State Opera Orchestra, conducted by Litschauer does justice to both works.

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Folk Eclecticism

THE term "melting pot" has often been used to describe a luckily nonexistent pattern whereby the immigrant forgets his old-world heritage and accepts a dull, mass-produced culture. But there is still no homogenized folk music in America, despite the heroic efforts of the communications industry and the advertising agencies. There are still "Pennsylvania Dutch" songs, Creole songs, and many others. —OSCAR BRAND.

ANGLO-AMERICAN SONGS AND BALLADS. Edited by Duncan B. M. Emrich. (Library of Congress AAFS L12, $4.95, plus shipping charges.)

NEGRO RELIGIOUS SONGS AND SERVICES. Edited by B. A. Botkin. (Library of Congress AAFS L10, $4.95, plus shipping charges.)

Using some of the ten thousand field recordings in the Archive of American Folk Song, the Library of Congress issued twenty 78-rpm albums a few years ago. Two of these have been selected for the first LP releases.

This is a noble aspiration. The Anglo-American collection brings us field recordings that range from eastern Kentucky to western California. "Our Goodman" is heard as sung in 1943 with fine bawdy spirit by a young Tennessean who died at Normandy in 1945. Pleaz Mobley of Kentucky stops to chuckle at the good humor of "Froggie Went A-Courting." Doney Hammontree of Arkansas collapses for want of breath after the cumulative hilarity of "The Tree in the Woods." Here are songs long-forgotten in England, still a vital part of the cultral pattern of their new homeland.

"Negro Religious Songs and Services" gives a remarkable general picture of the African influence. Here are insinuating jazz beats, with Bozie Sturdevant syncopating "Ain't No Grave Can Hold My Body Down." Sin Killer Griffin preaches an inspired Easter Day Service lining out the imagery as if a Congo tam-tam was sounding in his ear. Kelley Pace, behind bars in an Arkansas State Farm, leads the singing of "Holy Babe" with a joyful, foot-tapping insistence.

AFRICAN TRIBAL MUSIC AND DANCES, Sonar Senghor and his Troupe. (Esoteric ES-513, $5.95.)

Though full of the spirit of the Dark Continent, this album is not a field recording. The musicians and singers are a skilful troupe led by Sonar Senghor, an accomplished performer who has learned to modify African music for the entertainment of European audiences. But the rhythms are clear and spirited. The listener can almost see the ritualistic dancing.

BRITISH TRADITIONAL BALLADS IN AMERICA. Sung by Shep Ginandes. (Elektra EKLP-4, $4.45.)

The definitive study of the British traditional ballad was made right here in America. Professor Francis J. Child, of Harvard University, collected 305 basic ballads for his collection, "The English and Scottish Popular Ballads," then penned a letter to the Danish folklorist Grundtvig complaining, "The sources of British ballads are dried up forever."

Yet, all about him in America, thousands of voices were creating and singing new versions of the old songs. From his extensive collection, Shep Ginandes has chosen six American-made variations of some well-known British ballads. With artful simplicity and appropriate guitar accompaniment he sings again the great tragedies of "Edward," "Lord Randall," "Lord Thomas," "The Golden Willow Tree," and "The Cruel Mother."

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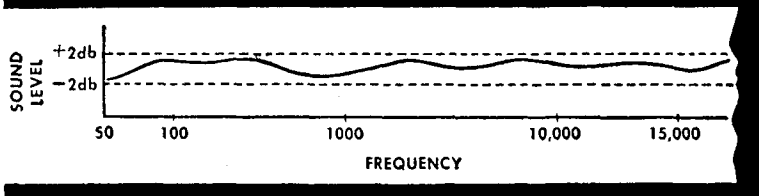

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Recordings in Review

O 'C' Can You Say?

WAGNER: *"Love Duet" ("Siegfried"). Kirsten Flagstad, soprano, with Set Svanholm, tenor. Wilhelm Furtwaengler, conducting. "Immolation" scene ("Götterdämmerung"). Flagstad, with George Sebastian, conducting.* LHMV 1024, $5.95.

LONG after the vaunted boast of the photographer that "seeing was believing" vanished into limbo (with the perfection of retouching and the invention of the montage) one could still contend that, on the record, "hearing was believing." Give man the boon of such a device as magnetic tape, however, and the certainty is that he will find some way of using it to confuse and mislead.

That is to say, one can be virtually certain that the recently revived records of Lilli Lehmann show how she sounded at close to 60. But at least one reputable critic (Max de Schauensee, of Philadelphia) has questioned the top C that is heard from Flagstad on the phrase "O Siegfried! Leuchtender Spross" (page 321 of the Schott score), which may well leave listeners of the future puzzled how *this* great singer sounded at the same time of life. Skilful though it is, there are indications that a dub has been made.

The slight air space from the C down to the G suggests that. But whether the tone is Flagstad's own (borrowed from another "take" or produced especially to be dubbed in) or that of another voice altogether, remains a mystery. We should like to see a statement from HMV on this point, if only in a literal sense, to set the record straight.

Luisa Ribacchi—"poise and assurance."

This duet contains much beautiful singing by Flagstad, and a good deal that is strained, especially in the upper register. However, the richness and warmth of the sounds she makes on such phrases as "Ewig war ich" surpass, even, the memory of her best efforts when she was singing the part. Furtwängler leads with a masterful hand, but Svanholm is no more than hardworking and without vocal eloquence. One can only regret that a conductor of more Wagnerian temperament than Sebastian was not Flagstad's pacemaker in the "Immolation," where she develops a remarkable mood almost on her own. He is altogether competent, without building any such musical fire under the funeral pyre as Toscanini does in the still superlative reissue with Traubel.

Vivid New Strauss

STRAUSS: *"Tod und Verklärung," "Don Juan." Bruno Walter conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.* Columbia ML 4650, $5.45.

THE healthy effect of competition, in recording standards as elsewhere, is demonstrated again with this sumptuous sounding example of what Columbia has been doing lately in its spacious studios on 30th Street in New York. The chain reaction set in motion by London's FFRR "Petrouchka" (resulting in such notable consequences as the RCA-Stokowski series, Westminster's "Lt. Kijé," Columbia's own "Fantastique" from Philadelphia, the Mercury "Pictures" and several of the Steinberg-Pittsburgh disks for Capitol) is clearly, far-from finished.

This transformed church (a broadcasting studio before Columbia acquired it) has produced quantities of brilliant sounding records—the Beecham "Carmen" suite and "Così fan tutte" were typical of the previous best—almost always tinged with a little dissatisfaction. The sound did not seem to "hang" long enough to vibrate normally; in other words, the "reverberation period" was too short.

Little such fault can be found here, especially with "Death and Transfiguration," which is a match for any recorded sound produced in this country. Like a chime struck dead center, the sound has equal vibration from middle to top and top to bottom; the horns have the most natural thrust and power, but the oboe and strings also are fully valued. The suggestion that the improved results may have something to do with the Telefunken microphone brought the answer that it was utilized, but in an unconventional way.

The supporting factor—and it is a sizable one—is that Walter has delivered two of the most vigorous, well-controlled performances lately heard from him. His "Death and Transfiguration" is quite as good as the admired one of Clemens Krauss, and if he cannot supply the peculiarly demonic power Toscanini unleashes in "Don Juan," his version has its own eloquence, differently proportioned. As noted elsewhere the new trend is evident in other new Columbia productions from the same source.

Italian Artistry at Its Best

VIVALDI: *"Cessate Omai," and other works. Luisa Ribacchi, mezzo-soprano, with the Società Corelli.* (RCA Victor LM 1767, $5.72.)

IF the specialized attention to Vivaldi noted on page 50 is too formidable a venture for the average, non-indoctrinated listener, this miscellany blending two instrumental works (Concerto in A minor, No. 8, and Sinfonia in G, No. 2) with other compositions of Marcello (Concerto Grosso in F), Carissimi (Suonerà l'ultima tromba) and Geminiani (Concerto Grosso in E minor) may be commended to all for breadth of interest, excellence of execution, and fully satisfying sound. To speak of it as a "miscellany" is to stigmatize it, perhaps, as somehow lacking unity. Considering the number of composers involved, however, it is decidedly homogeneous and well-balanced.

The two vocal works are imposing instances of a kind of solid, dignified writing in a dramatic vein of which we hear very little today. Fortunately Miss Ribacchi has either a sure instinct or a sound schooling in the appropriate manner, for they are both delivered with poise and assurance, but no sense of strain or exaggeration. As for the excellent instrumental group from Rome, it combines the rich sound of a top orchestral ensemble with the integration of a fine quartet.

No individuals are named as specifically responsible for its qualities, which restricts us to a tribute en masse to this instance of Italian artistic conscience at work. Fine recorded sound, both of the instruments and Miss Ribacchi.

Fit for a King

FREDERICK THE GREAT: *Concerto in C (No. 3). Camillo Wanausek, with*

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orchestra conducted by F. Charles Adler. QUANTZ: *Concerto in D (No. 17). The same.* (SPA Records, SPA 23, $5.95.)

ONE of the best of musical witticisms is the one (usually attributed to Johannes Brahms) which goes: "It is dangerous to criticize music by royalty, because you never can tell who wrote it." In the instance of Frederick the Great, with his famous affection for the Bachs, there is no reason to doubt that he was personally capable of the formalities and expressiveness of this unpretentious work. Having heard so much about his talent for so long, it is an occasion for gratitude to conductor Adler that we have been at last able to hear a product of it.

In some ways it wears better and interests more today than the ornate writing of the eminent Quantz, whose services on behalf of the flute have linked his name as durably with it as Cristofori's with the pianoforte. Despite the lively technical command of the instrument reflected in the way he has written for it here, Quantz left no such musical mark as did Bach with his B minor suite. To be sure, this is but one of *three hundred works* Quantz created for his favorite instrument, which suggests that some vistas remain for those who contend that "everything" has been recorded. Flutist Wanausek, of Vienna, is a first rate interpreter for both scores, and Adler does admirable work with the Austrian orchestra. Moreover, the sound is perfectly proportioned for blend as well as individuality.

Echoes of Greatness

SCHUBERT: *"Wohin," and twenty other songs. Roland Hayes, tenor, with Reginald Boardmann, piano.* (440 Records, No. 12-3, $5.95.)

ONE'S first contact with the voice of Roland Hayes at age 65 in "Have you seen but a whyte lily grow" stirs a feeling that this is going to be a limited likeness of the vocalism that made him famous for nearly four decades. But the ability to cast a spell with words and tone is not to be evaded so easily, and by the time Hayes has gotten into "Vi ricardo a o bosch' ombrosi" from Monteverdi's "Orfeo," the old powers are working their irresistible magic. One might sum up the vocal situation by saying that it's not a matter of how little voice Hayes does so much with, but rather how much like himself he still sounds.

This is especially true in the German lieder—Mozart's "Warnung," Schubert's "Wohin," and Wolf's "Auch kleine Dinge" in particular—and in the stirring selection of Aframerican religious songs and five Negro worksongs (to reproduce the designations on the record), in which a deep emotionalism is channeled by artistic sensitivities of the first order. To be sure, one has to be indulgent about uncertainties of pitch and production from time to time, but the force, the power, the beauty of the conceptions are still of a sort that any vocalist of today might envy—and emulate if possible. The recording is uneven, ranging from poor to fair, with a quavery piano sound for Boardmann's part of the familiar collaboration an intermittent liability.

Sibelius Revalued

SIBELIUS: *"En Saga" and "Tapiola." Eduard van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra.* London LL 737, $5.95. *"Lemminkäinen" suite. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra.* Columbia ML 4672, $5.45. *Symphony No. 1. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.* Columbia ML 4653, $5.45. *Symphonies Nos. 3 and 7. Sixten Ehrling conducting the Stockholm Radio Symphony Orchestra.* Mercury MG 10125, $5.95.

AT the rate at which Sibelius was recorded and publicly performed in the late '30s and early '40s, one would have expected that "demand" alone would have brought about a duplication of his major repertory on LP ere this. Actually, however, this is the first issue of Symphony No. 3, and No. 4 is still unaccounted for; and I see no evidence that "En Saga," or the three sections of the "Lemminkäinen" suite other than "The Swan of Tuonela" have been undertaken previously.

I say this not in disapproval, but merely in surprise, for there certainly would seem to be a bigger market for Sibelius than, say, for Mahler. Artistically, all the issues noted above rank high, and the sound varies from excellent in the Beecham to outstanding in the Ormandy, with the efforts of van Beinum and Ehrling treated almost as well. Perhaps the major revelation is the discovery that the Third Symphony (this is the first recording to circulate generally in this country) is not the black sheep in the sequence that its neglect would indicate. Not "great" Sibelius, perhaps, but not notably inferior to those works considered to be entitled to that term.

For my part, I find little, very little, of Sibelius that suggests "greatness," and that little is largely among the

—*Culver.*

Frederick the Great—"personally capable."

slow movements of the symphonies, and the appealing tonal portraits such as "Swan of Tuonela" and "En Saga." It may well be that, in terms of architecture, Sibelius is a master of symphonic construction, as his outspoken admirers contend; but one need only listen to half a dozen works in succession—say the half dozen of this package—to find a tenacious insistence on formulas that show little development or variation from the early "En Saga" to the later "Tapiola."

I refer to the system of thematic accretion by which the same kind of meager musical material is worried and repeated, high and low, higher and lower, in sequence and augmentation, in most of the works aspiring to dramatic expression, chortled and churned, stirred and simmered, but hardly brought to a boil. One could say that, by and large, the same words and phrases could be used to describe the first movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. The differences, as I see it, are two: I am interested in what Beethoven does as he is doing it, and I am interested in what he has done when he has done it.

However, I find a good deal of poetic expressiveness in "En Saga" and van Beinum's treatment of it; an elegy of rather stately proportions in Beecham's exposition of the slow movement in symphony No. 1; and a stirring display of orchestral coloration in the less well-known sections of the "Lemminkäinen" suite as well as in the magical "Swan." The *cor anglais* solo is handsomely played, though by whom, the record sayeth not. RCA Victor was more generous when it gave credit to Columbia's own Mitch Miller in its excellent Stokowski disk.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Albéniz: "Cordoba," etc. George Copeland, piano. M-G-M E 3025, $4.85	Cool, collected performance of this and the familiar "Tango in D" and Granados's "Andaluza." However, this is far from the sum of the items included, for Copeland's choices also include brief works of Nin, Pittaluga, Mompou, Infante, etc., that are worth hearing. Thinnish, rather clangy piano sound.
Alfven: "Midsummer Night Vigil." Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia AA1 35, $2.85	Devotees of TV's "Omnibus" will find herein the derivation of the jaunty tune that is a prominent part of the film "The Stranger Left No Card," which has had a repeat showing on that program. Ormandy's attention to it is alert and painstaking. Overside are two movements from Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite powerfully reproduced.
Bach: "Erbarme dich, meine Seele," etc. Jennie Tourel, with Pablo Casals conducting. Columbia ML 4640, $5.45	The improvised circumstances of recording in Perpignan do not enhance some reedy, rather uncertain vocal sound produced here by Tourel. Her artistry is in good order, but I can't find much pleasure in what she does with the aria; "Zeffiretti lusingheri" from "Idomoneo." or the concert aria "Non temer, amato bene" sometimes interpolated in the same Mozart opera. On the second side Casals plays well the inconsequential variations by Beethoven on Handel's "See!, the conquering hero comes." Rudolf Serkin is his expert collaborator.
Beethoven "Egmont," "Fidelio," "Prometheus," etc. Overtures. Felix Weingartner conducting. Columbia ML 4647, $5.45	Further, welcome reissues from Weingartner's Beethoven catalogue of typically strong, spaciously conceived performances. Though three different orchestras are utilized (two in London, one in Vienna) the sound values have been well equalized. The "Leonore No. 2" is especially fine, in conception, and strongly if rather shrilly reproduced.
Beethoven: Quartets Nos. 1 and 2, opus 18. Paganini Quartet. RCA Victor LM 1729, $5.72	Spirit and discipline are equally mated in these fine performances, of which the notable leadership of Henri Temianka is a guiding factor. The group favors a lean sound without too much vibrato and it is acutely reproduced. The balance is just about what it should be.
Mozart: "Les Petits Riens" (K.V.A.1, No. 10). Warwick Braithwaite conducting the Royal Opera Orchestra. M-G-M E 3034, $4.85	Decidedly worthwhile choice of repertory, though neither Braithwaite's conducting nor the technical work are as good as M-G-M has offered in other issues. The former is without the finesse the Gluckish overtones of this score require, the latter tends to overstress the high end at the expense of adequate bass. The accompanying Tommasini version of Scarlatti known as "The Good Humored Ladies" intensifies regret that the whole was not more skilfully done, for it, too, is an agreeable work.
Prokofiev: Concerto in G minor (No. 2). Zino Francescatti, violin, with Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Columbia ML 4648, $5.45	In by-gone days one could commend Francescatti for a masterful performance of this concerto (for which his and Mitropoulos's strong, vivid style are superbly suited) and let the matter go at that. However, there is side 2 to be considered, and that is a rather juiced-up playing of Bach's E major concerto which is, artistically, several degrees inferior. George Szell is the conductor of the string group here. In both instances, the sound has the clarity and definition Columbia has newly produced from its 30th Street (New York) studios. (See comment on Strauss issue, page 56).
Respighi: "Gli Uccelli." Franz Litschauer conducting an orchestra of the Vienna State Opera. Vanguard VRS 433, $5.95	All things considered, Litschauer has more success with this delightful music than was heard in a previous issue from Ferrero on Cetra. However, the pairing with the "Antiche Danze ed Arie" involves comparison with a Münchinger version on London which is in favor of Stuttgart rather than Vienna. Nicely defined sound, if other considerations are not decisive.
Rimsky-Korsakov: "Scheherezade." Leopold Stokowski and the Philharmonia Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 1732, $5.72	A new "Scheherezade" from Stokowski would seem to argue something special in sound values, but he appears here to have engaged the tricky acoustic of London's Kingsway Hall with less than maximum success. The pickup is a little too distant, the strings coarser than they might be, with an echo in exposed passages. With the unquestionably beautiful playing goes a good deal of fussy phrasing and dwelling on individual notes more in the manner of a prima donna in "Lucia" than, even, a prima donna conductor.
Rossini: "Semiramide" overture. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia AAL 27, $2.85	The interaction of the spirited leader and the responsive orchestra gives back musical volatility of an invigorating sort. However, those who already have Beecham's performance of the "Carmen" excerpts made with a New York orchestra will not relish them again as a "second side."
Schubert: Rondo Brilliant (opus 70). Joseph Szigeti, violin, with Carlo Bussotti, piano. Columbia ML 4642, $5.45	Spirited attention by Szigeti to a work for which he has a special aptitude, as well as a superior understanding. However, there should be some way of microphoning his tone to alleviate its thinness. Bussotti is a worthy successor to the numerous fine pianists Szigeti has favored in the past. There is an appropriately high level of collaboration between Szigeti and Mieczyslaw Horszowski in Beethoven's Sonata opus 96, a fine grained treatment of this work, assuming that one does not ask more tonal amenity than Szigeti provides.
Schumann: Andante and Variations (opus 46). Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson, duo pianists. M-G-M 3027, $4.85	Expert art from Bartlett and Robertson in a work which has much in it of the essential Schumann. However, I am not partial to the duo-piano version of the Brahms "Variations on a theme by Haydn" which makes up side 2. (On my copy, incidentally, the labels were reversed). Fair sound.
Strauss, J: "Voices of Spring." Wilma Lipp, soprano, with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Ferenc Fricsay. Decca DL 4041, $2.50	Beautiful vocal work by light-voiced Miss Lipp, admirably abetted by the Fricsay-directed Philharmonic. Fanciers of the Erna Sack type of vocalization who have not been hearing much of it lately on records will find this quite as stylish and hardly to be matched by another contemporary with a top F. With it is a version of "Tales from the Vienna Woods" featuring the zither artistry of Rudy Knabl. Both sides are well reproduced, favoring the kind of "room tone" associated with the best pre-war Berlin recording
Strauss R: "Suite for Winds" (opus 4). Vienna Philharmonic Wind Ensemble. Westminster WL 5185, $5.85	Listening to this without knowing the identity of the author, one would be inclined to describe it as the creation of a gifted young man without the individuality to become an important composer. However, with the name of Richard Strauss attached to it (and the succeeding "Serenade" opus 7) the premonition of things to come from this 'teen-aged boy is more than a figure of speech. Oddly, the most conspicuous influence in the thirteen-year-older's "Serenade" is Mendelssohn's. The playing is the most one could ask in richness and blend of sound, qualities that are faithfully mirrored in the reproduction. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

ON BUDGET Day, April 14, Mr. R. A. Butler, the Chancellor of of the Exchequer, was able to gladden our hearts with the announcement that he was proposing to reduce Purchase Tax on a wide range of goods, including records, phonographs, radio and TV sets, by one quarter. As a result, we shall in future pay 3 shillings (about 42 cents at the current rate of exchange) less for every 12-inch long-playing disc, a small but none the less welcome step in the right direction. It does not, however, affect the price of records exported from this country, the latter having always been exempt from this tax.

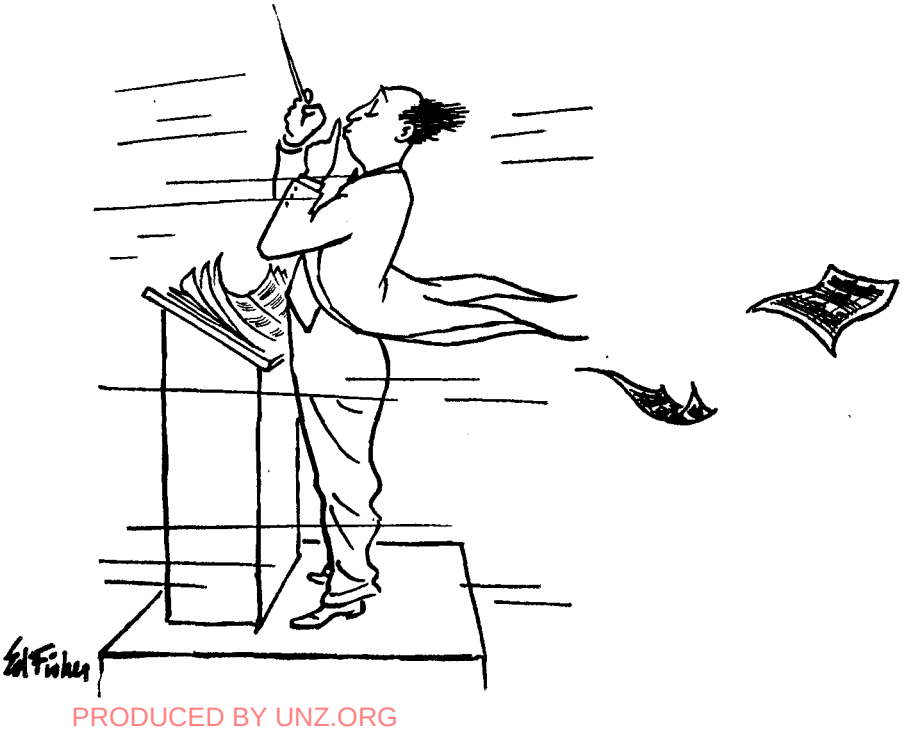
As I write, the Coronation of Elizabeth II is drawing nearer and nearer and will be almost upon us by the time these lines appear in print. You cannot move about London without being aware of its proximity; cars have succumbed to a veritable epidemic of Union Jacks, grandstands in various stages of completion can be seen everywhere along the processional route, barricades are appearing at various points in the West End so that sections may be sealed off on the day as soon as the last human sardine has been squeezed into the tin, and window displays in most of the shops are bursting with national pride and loyal greetings.

The record companies have, of course, risen to the occasion in characteristic fashion and the May-June releases will be dedicated to British music. Walton's Coronation March "Orb and Sceptre" has yet to be heard in public but will be featured by both HMV and Decca, the latter putting it on an LP disc together with another Coronation March by Sir Arnold Bax, the "Master of the Queen's Musick," Elgar's "Imperial March" and the ubiquitous "Pomp and Circumstance" Nos. 1 and 4. To balance the pageantry with music of a more devotional character, we shall have Vaughan Williams's "Mass in G minor" and Rubbra's "Missa in Honorem Sancti Dominici," both sung by the Fleet Street Choir, and Decca's supplement will also include V.W.'s "Pastoral Symphony" (conducted by Boult), the inevitable "Enigma" Variations conducted by the no less inevitable Sir Malcolm Sargent, Ballet Suites from "Horoscope" (Lambert) and "Façade" (Walton), an assortment of favorite pieces by Delius, and, on two LP discs, the "Anthology of Early English Keyboard Music" published in SP form almost two years ago. Nor would the picture be complete without at least a miniature Festival of Britten (whose "Gloriana," which some wag has unofficially re-named "Orgy and Bess," will have its gala premiere in the presence of Her Majesty on June 8), and three of Decca's issues feature him as composer or performer. The most important novelty is his Canticle "Abraham and Isaac," which is sung by Kathleen Ferrier and Peter Pears, accompanied by the composer, and which shares a disc with a duet from Purcell's "The Fairy Queen" and some Canzonets by Thomas Morley.

HMV is somewhat less adventurous in the choice of music, which is mainly confined to transfers of existing SP performances such as Elgar's First Symphony (Boult) and Bantock's tone-poem "Fifine at the Fair" (Beecham). This company's trump card will be, as it was sixteen years ago, a recording of the entire Coronation Service, which is to appear in due course on three LP discs. Meanwhile HMV, in conjunction with the BBC, has published a "record of the eventful years preceding the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II" entitled "Through Childhood to the Throne." With the aid of the recorded voices of the Queen and members of her family, and of statesmen like Churchill, Chamberlain, Attlee, Roosevelt, Truman, and Eisenhower, as well as one Adolf Hitler, linked by a well-written commentary, this LP documentary presents the life-story of the young Queen against the background of world events. Decca, not to be outdone, has promised us "The London Story"—"a sound portrait of London through the ages"—narrated by actor Donald Wolfit and also using actual recordings of the Queen.

A PARLOPHONE LP disc features the London Baroque group under Karl Haas' direction with Jean Pougnet the soloist in the attractive Violin Concerto in G by the eighteenth-century virtuoso and composer Karl Ditters von Dittersdorf. This is coupled with Haydn's enchanting Symphony No. 22 in E flat ("The Philosopher"), a performance already familiar on SP. The same ensemble also appears on a current Parlophone SP disc of a splendid little Sinfonia for Strings and Continuo by Tartini. Long may Dr. Haas continue to explore for us some of the by-ways of eighteenth-century music!

As though in response to correspondent L. O. Greene (SRL, April 25th), HMV has just released a hitherto unpublished pre-war record by Elisabeth Schumann containing Schubert's 'Nachtviolen' and 'An die Geliebte' as well as Brahms' 'Ruhe, Süssliebchen, im Schatten'. Beautiful singing and very respectable recording combine to make this disc a further treasurable memento of an adored artist. The tenor Alessandro



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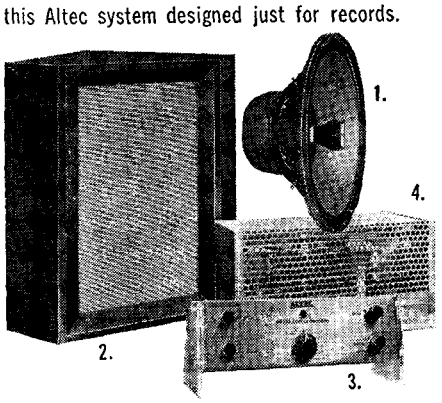

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Valente, who made some recordings (including a complete "Pagliacci") for HMV about a quarter of a century ago, has recently been gaining favour among collectors, a fact which has caused HMV to re-issue 'owing to popular demand' his long-deleted disc of the two arias from "Turandot." Not much of a stylist and never particularly successful on the stage, Valente had a distinct 'microphone personality' which still emerges forcefully from this somewhat primitive recording. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

* * *

PARIS.

MONTHLY issues of records have rarely been more plentiful than this spring. The most attention-compelling issue comes from Philips: the complete St. Matthew Passion conducted by Mengelberg. (Rumor is that it will reach the American market on the Columbia label.) Through years of annual performances of the Bach Passions, the Mahler symphonies, etc., Mengelberg built up in Amsterdam one of the great choral ensembles of our time, which he led with supreme skill. There is ample evidence of both facts in the present recording, which dates from 1939, a public performance on a Palm Sunday. Mengelberg's powers were at their height, and the recording stands up surprisingly, considering its age. Outstanding among the soloists is Karl Erb, who also sings the Evangelist in the Gunther Ramin-HMV abridged recording. The others—Jo Vincent, Ilona Durigo, Louis Vam Tulder, and Herman Schey—are nearly as good.

From Philips also comes an interesting first recording of Debussy's *La Boîte à Joujoux*, a delightful children's ballet dating from just before World War I. By the time the work was ready for scoring, its story of a clash between armies of tin soldiers was against the current mood. Here we have it in the original piano version, rather than in the orchestration made later by André Caplet. Yvonne Lefébure is the pianist, and the action is verbally sketched, between numbers, by Pierre Bertin, one of the leading actors in the Madeleine Renaud-Jean Louis Barrault company.

During last year's "Masterpieces of the Twentieth Century" festival, some complaint was heard that none of Florent Schmitt's works were included.

The reaction, indeed, took the form of a press campaign producing more attention for Schmitt, some thought, than a routine performance would have. His case is a strange one. Although Schmitt is highly esteemed, his works do not often appear on concert programs and recordings have been very scarce. This neglect has been partially remedied by the recent release of a Columbia recording the "Forty-seventh Psalm," with soprano Denise Duval, the Elizabeth Brasseur Chorus, and the Orchestre du Conservatoire under George Tzipine. The score is loud and dramatic most of the time (though dating from 1903, it is considered one of Schmitt's characteristic works), but in the *piano* passages, he achieved some "oriental" colorations which are original for their time.

Thanks to the International Council of Music of UNESCO, an important work of Luigi Dalla Piccola has been added to those it has previously sponsored by Delage, Messiaen, and Guarnieri. It is the "Canti di Prigionia," based on texts of three famous prisoners Mary Stuart, Boetius, and Savonarola.

In it is embodied that same longing for freedom Dalla Piccola expressed in his opera "The Prisoner," which has been produced on both sides of the Atlantic. The "Canti di Prigionia" is written in three sections, each scored for a different instrumental combination, exercising a strong, immediate appeal for the listener. Igor Markévitch conducts impressively the Santa Cecilia Orchestra and Chorus.
—HENRY DE LA GRANGE.

* * *

TOKYO.

INTERNATIONAL artists who have recently appeared here include not only Joseph Szigeti (whose visit was noted in last month's *SR* RECORDINGS) but also Alfred Cortot (due at seventy-six to retire after a farewell appearance in London), Walter Gieseking (en route to the States), and Erna Berger. The latter's visit around Christmas time has resulted in an album of *lieder* (recorded by local Victor forces) decidedly suitable to

Review Resume

BACH: "Bist du bei mir," "Warum betruebst du Dich," "Komm süsser Tod," etc. Susanne Danco, soprano. London LLP 698. SR May 23.

SCHUBERT: "Ständchen," "An die Musik," other songs by Löwe, Wolf, Schumann, etc. Heinrich Schlusnus, baritone. Decca DL 9624. SR May 23.

STRAUSS: "Schlechtes Wetter," "Winterliebe," "Das Rosenband," "Ach liebe ich Muss nun scheiden," and other songs. Anne Felbermayer, soprano, and Alfred Poell, baritone. Vanguard VRS 431. SR May 23.

WAGNER: "Abendlich strahlt" ("Das Rheingold") and "Wotan's Farewell," ("Die Walküre"), also excerpts from Berlioz's "Damnation du Faust," Boïto's "Mefistofele," Rubinstein's "The Demon," etc. George London, bass-baritone, with orchestra conducted by Rudolf Moralt and Kurt Adler. Columbia LP 4658. SR May 23.

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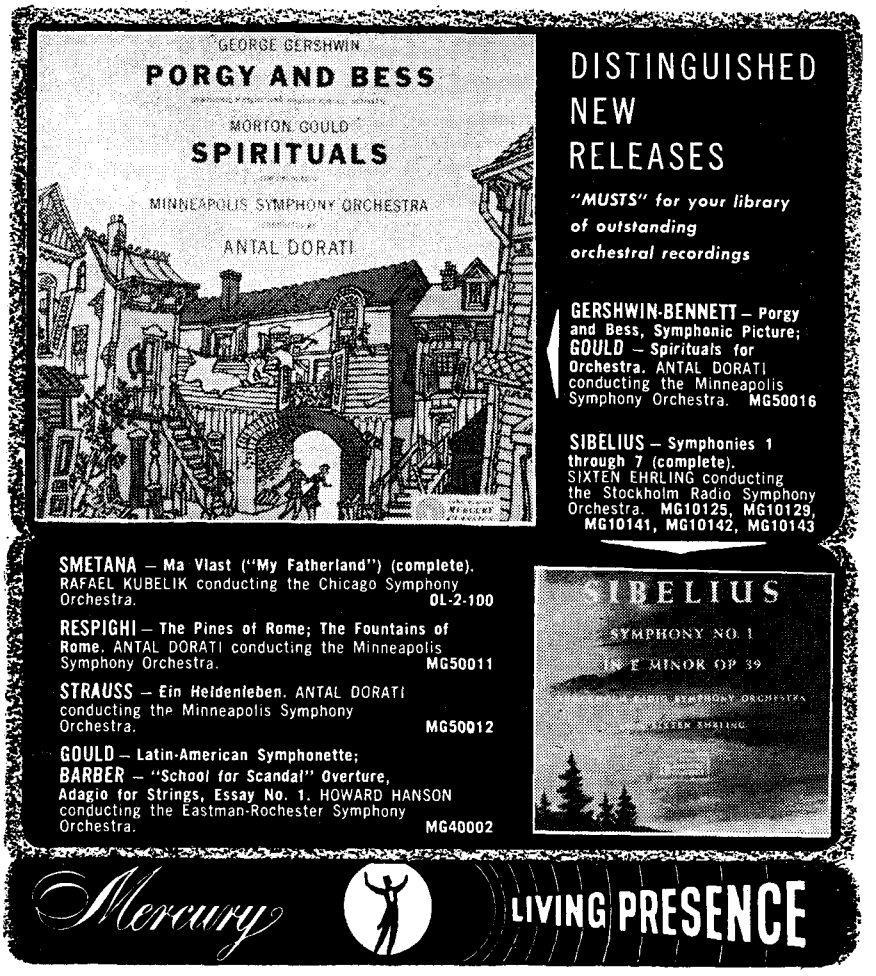
her talents. With Manfred Gurlitt at the piano she does three Hugo Wolf songs (of which the delightful "Elfenlied" might have been written for her), four songs of Mendelssohn ("Es weiss und rath es doch Keiner" appears to be a "first" on records), and two Strauss songs, of which "Schlagende Herze" is also new to discs. Three Schumann songs complete the collection.

Less known in America, perhaps, but well worthy of acquaintance is the French composer-violinist Raymond Gallois Montbrun. Again the Victor people here have shown an initiative lacking in Columbia by recording Montbrun in several works not having wide popular appeal. Among them are Ravel's sonata for violin and piano (the latter played by Genevieve Joy, who accompanied him on this tour), Milhaud's second sonata (with one of the best Japanese pianists, Kazuko Yasukawa), and his own Symphonie Concertante in E, with Masashi Ueda and the Tokyo Symphony.

As for Cortot, he left behind him not only the memory of some wonderful Schumann, Chopin, and Liszt performances, played in a manner to make one forget technical lapses, but also the products of two days' recordings. These are almost all works he had recorded (in some instances re-recorded) previously. Already released are the Chopin B flat minor sonata in a very fine performance and recording, an album of miscellaneous Chopin, and a collection of Liszt, Schubert-Liszt, and Mendelssohn. These vary considerably in quality, and Cortot himself was reluctant to pass a few of them. However his Grand Polonaise Brilliante is superb, as are also the second and eleventh Hungarian Rhapsodies.

—Gary Thalheimer.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BEETHOVEN:
Concerto No. 1 for Piano and Orchestra in C Major, Op. 15.
Badura Skoda—Piano, Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera, Conducted by Hermann Scherchen. WL 5209

SCHUBERT:
String Quartet No. 1 in B Flat Major; String Quartet No. 2 in C Major; String Quartet No. 3 in B Flat Major.
Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet. WL 5204

BEETHOVEN:
String Trio in G Major, Op. 9, No. 1; String Trio in D Major, Op. 9, No. 2.
Jean Pougnet—Violin, Frederick Riddle—Viola, Anthony Pini—Cello. WL 5198

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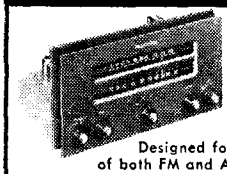

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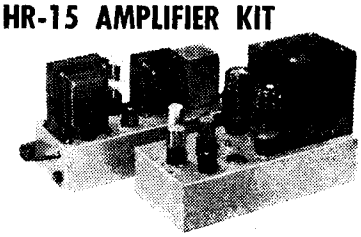

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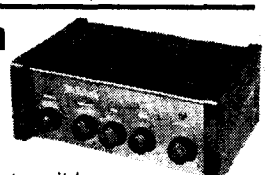

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Seeing What You Hear

By R. D. Darrell

ACCUSTOMED to thinking of recorded music almost exclusively in aural terms, few phonographic listeners realize the full extent to which their enjoyment can be visually enhanced. It is only when librettos or lyric texts are not furnished with opera or *Lieder* disc-sets that they are painfully reminded how profoundly vocal works depend on a knowledge of their verbal as well as tonal contents. And usually it is only the professional musician or student who appreciates how incalculably his experience can be intensified and enriched when the music itself can be seen as well as heard.

Even the lay concert-goer is at least subconsciously aware how much "more" he hears when he watches conductor and players in live performances. Yet simultaneously following a published score as one listens is popularly assumed to be a recondite skill far beyond anyone lacking specialized technical training. The inclusion of miniature scores in record sets (inaugurated, I think, by Technicord back 1937, and exemplified most notably nowadays by Westminster for its Bach Brandenburg Concertos, English and French Suites, etc.), is still as rare as it is admirable. And the reason undoubtedly is less the expense involved (surprisingly small, now that the standard Eulenberg and Philharmonia series have been augmented by Lea's fine and even lower-priced pocket publications), than the general belief that only a minority of musically "literate" record buyers are likely to relish them.

That belief is an illusion, I firmly believe, fostered by the common failure to distinguish between true score-reading—which indeed demands considerable training—and simple score-*following*, which can be easily mastered by anyone who has had a casual familiarity with even vocal or piano notation, and is not much more difficult for a complete novice. Two good, inexpensive guides are available (Jacob's "How to Read a Score" and Gál's "Directions for Score-Reading," published by Boosey & Hawkes and Universal Edition respectively). But since "following" requires no knowledge of transposition and clef intricacies, even such aids aren't essential. From a score itself (initially of some comparatively easy works, say Mozart's "Eine kleine Nachtmusik," and later the simpler classical symphonies), any normally intelligent listener-reader can soon learn, first the standard arrangement of instrumental parts, then to trace the main outlines of one or two principal parts (first violins or timpani), and eventually to skip from one significant passage to another as they are taken up by various instruments or "choirs."

In the beginning, of course, your ears will have to lead your eyes. But surprisingly quickly you will discover how effectively your eyes, spotting a distinctive pattern of notes, assume the rôle of an alert guide, nudging your mind to "Listen to that!" Before long you will be flipping pages like a conductor, with your aural attention stimulated to a responsiveness you never before dreamed within your powers. If you think that you can't pay attention to two things and that score-following is likely to be more of a distraction than an aid to your enjoyment, you are sure to be surprised still more. For what is involved here is paying attention to the same thing in two different, but complementary ways. And as you become proficient, as your integration of sight and sound becomes automatic, you will realize, perhaps for the first time, the full richness of a total, multi-faceted musical experience.

UNFORTUNATELY, it is probably those listeners who might profit most of all from score-following who are least likely to attempt it. I have the greatest admiration for the aural acuity of most "audio fans," even though their attention is more often devoted to sound qualities as such, rather than to the esthetic meanings of the sounds they hear. But it is a constant shock to musicians, not only that these specialists so seldom seek contact with music in its live rather than reproduced state, but that they so frequently reveal an abysmal ignorance of specific sound-production techniques. I have heard a noted engineer criticize the recording of cymbals in a passage that was scored not for a crash, as he assumed, but for a cymbal struck with a drumstick—a very different kind of sound. And of course modern works in particular employ many such special effects, all precisely documented in the score, which can be justly evaluated by ear only when one knows exactly what the composer intended.

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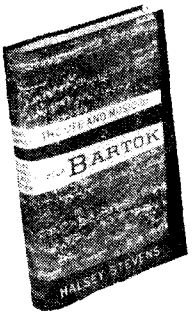

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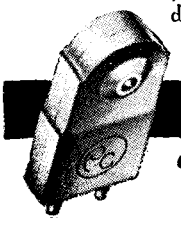

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"Giulio Cesare"

HANDEL'S "Giulio Cesare" remains so magnificent a creation that it would almost certainly win a sizable audience if it were presented properly today. Proper presentation would demand—besides the unavoidable transposition of the title role, composed for the *castrato* Senesino—an undeviating respect for the best available complete text. But modern editors and conductors have an unconquerable itch to condense, transpose, and otherwise alter Handel's operas. What they produce—and, it now seems, record—may at times be attractive in itself, but it would be fatally unjust to judge Handel by the results. Thus, Walter Goehr's "version" of "Giulio Cesare" (Concert Hall Society HDL-18, $11.90.) is described in the accompanying booklet as "mainly fashioned after that of Chrysander of the Haendel Gesellschaft." It is also referred to as a "reconstruction" in which "most of the editing has been confined to some of the lengthy recitatives."

The opera as recorded is probably not much more than half as long as the original. It should be described as being by Handel-Chrysander-Goehr.

Nor is it only as an abridgement that these records offer nothing more than a partial facsimile of "Giulio Cesare." The story is truncated and unclear; the singing is nearly all inadequate. The orchestra of the Handel Society plays well, but of the eight soloists only the Cleopatra (Sylvia Gähwiller) and the Giulio Cesare (Paul Sandoz) bring their roles to musical life. The Tolomeo is sung very badly by Siegfried Tappolet.

I suppose that to have a partial and unsatisfactory "Giulio Cesare" must be preferred to having none at all (the recent Vox version is no more nearly complete). And certainly it is good to hear a contemporary recording of Tolomeo's "L'empio, sleal, indegno," Cleopatra's surpassing "V'adoro pupille" ("Es blaut die Nacht") and tragic "Piangerò, piangerò," and Giulio Cesare's wonderful recitative-arioso "Dall'ondoso periglio" (the last even though abridgement leaves unclear how or why Caesar came to be in the sea). From these records come hints of Handel's operatic mastery, but not much more.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

MILTON CROSS, noted music critic, recently celebrated his 30th year in the broadcasting field.

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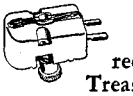

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Hans Swarowsky, conductor 2-12" PL 8012

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Winners of the "Enigma" Contest

Continued from page 48

variations themselves is that there is no explanation. That's what Elgar meant when he said that the solution to the enigma was right before us. . . . You need only your ears to understand the enigma, not a study of influences, trends, or friends.

AMONG those who addressed themselves to the musical problem *per se*, and presented a good case persuasively argued, heed had to be given to Joachim F. Wohlwill of Chicago, Ill. He nominated the slow movement of Beethoven's sonata opus 13 ("Pathetique") as his source, with the following documentation:

"The general harmonic structure and progress of Elgar's theme has much in common with Beethoven's, and in certain variations, as in the opening phrase of No. 6 and No. 9, there is a definite resemblance."

Mr. Wohlwill states further that this mood (the Beethoven slow movement) is closely related to the outline and phraseology of the famous "Nimrod" variation dedicated to Elgar's friend Jaeger. Thus, in his hypothesis, the pure form of the theme is *not* in the section at the beginning *marked* "Enigma" but in the "Nimrod" variation . . . of which the theme was itself a variation.

A scholarly attention to detail brought from Louise Pott Havens, of New York, the musically absorbing thought that Elgar found his starting point in the "Agnus Dei" from Bach's B minor Mass. This impressed the judges as worthy of a subordinate award.

What, then, took precedence over these nominations of Beethoven and Bach? An astute work of detection by Kirk Hollingsworth of New York City. The source? The much-mooted "Cosi fan tutte" of Mozart, to which Mrs. Dora Powell, the "Dorabella" of Variation X, is unquestionably related. It is the conjecture of Mr. Hollingsworth that this squares with Elgar's humorous remark that she, of all persons, should guess the answer.

The grand award was voted to Hollingsworth for these comments:

> For the first two periods of the theme . . . the rather odd phrase structure of the two pieces is strikingly similar: The first period in each contains a regular four-bar phrase followed by a contracted three-bar phrase; the second phrase . . . in each case contains an extension in bar three to make a five-bar phrase. The final phrase must be considered to be simply a recapitulation of the first, for the sake of balance.

Hollingsworth notes further: "If we place the first part of the melody from 'Cosi' in minor, it supplies a reasonable counterpoint for the 'Enigma' theme. A certain number of nonharmonic dissonances do occur, but in most cases they are explainable as appogiature, passing tones, etc." In the realm of plausibility, this comes more than reasonably close.

FINALLY, then, the peroration. This came to us in the prescribed form, neatly handwritten, from Yashito Takeuchi, of 1353 Haramachi, Meguro-ku Tokyo, Japan. It begins, according to the stipulated formula: "My opinion is" and continues:

> Elgar's "Enigma Variations" is based on the British national anthem, the symbol of England and its people, for the following reasons:
>
> Make a little consideration. How mysterious being are the English! They let stand together two circumstances conflicting with each other: most feudal monarchial and most progressive democracy. They might as well keep a dog and a cat in a pen without any quarrelling. The original place of gentlemen is England, and so was that of pirates.
>
> I guess Elgar himself had an intention of bringing to light this mysterious English-temper. To carry it out, various friends, his wife and himself were chosen and analyzed as the individual types bearing miscellaneous kinds of spirits consisting the English. For instance, you see among them a lovely young lady, and a harsh and rough-tempered man.
>
> But what could he see in them? Anything that infiltrates the very bottom of English-temper?
>
> "Elgar couldn't help reaching the conclusion that it [the English-temper] was too complicated to be pressed forcibly into a type. In the most striking and conspicious method—just like him, who was a most witty and refined man—he reflected the essence of his conclusion upon this tune.
>
> No one save me still remains unnoticeable of it. And I can hear him whispering in the tomb, as if mocking us: "As I myself couldn't grip the English-temper, so you shalln't get the theme: the British national anthem I had hidden for myself. All will be "Enigma."
>
> the end.

Yashito Takeuchi, incidentally, signs himself: "A 18-years high-schoolboy."

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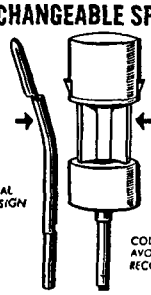

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Wahn! Wahn!

HAVING missed the complete "Lakme," in which Mado Robin made her greatest phonographic impact to date (it was reviewed in the *SR* for November 29, '52 by Paul Hume), I was hardly prepared for the kind of vocal artistry and dramatic characterization she provides in her latest undertaking: nothing less than two classical "Mad Scenes"—the unconventional one from Thomas's "Hamlet" to go with the more customary Donizetti (London LS 676, $4.45).

In the light of the reconsiderations imposed on some first judgments by later, fuller evidence, one is loath to say just how good Mme. Robin (now in her early thirties) sounds on this disk. But it is hardly extreme to say that it is the most accomplished singing of its kind I've heard since the war, more musicianly, pleasanter to listen to, than Pons in her prime.

The influence of language is interesting: the excellent version of the "Lucia" episode (without any abbreviation at all as far as I have been able to determine) is decidedly impressive—not alone for the stunning B *above* high C which caps the final cadenza, but for everything leading up to it. However, it is only in the Thomas excerpt that one hears the voice in its full range of colors. (Thus it appears that French is more Mme. Robin's language than Italian.)

This begins at the usual point ("A vos jeux, mes amis"), but it appears to cover more of the total scene than is customarily included on records (a total of ten minutes). Inasmuch as "Hamlet" has been out of the repertory in these post-Melba, post-Tetrazzini, post-Galli-Curci days, I know no more about it than the average listener. But from the atmosphere and lovely line that Miss Robin evolves here, one can sense the kind of interest this role could convey in a voice of quality. Close attention discloses that Robin has a little trouble with accurate pitch in staccati, but it is otherwise singing of fetching suavity, delicate coloration, and effortless-sounding flexibility.

Both sides are performed with excellent orchestral accompaniments under the direction of Richard Blareau. The vocal sound is first rate, but a little more life and presence in the orchestra would be welcome. —I. K.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

PIRACY ON THE HIGH C'S?

IT IS BEING RUMORED . . . that Kirsten Flagstad does not sing the two high C's in the new recording of the "Siegfried" final scene on HMV 1024 . . . [It is claimed] that HMV has skilfully dubbed in some other woman's voice at the point in the music where the "C's" occur to simulate the effect that Mme. Flagstad is singing the notes herself . . .

GERALD N. FITZGERALD.
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Editor's opinion on this point is expressed in a review on page 56. Considering the amount of curiosity aroused (we have had several other inquiries along the same line) there would seem to be some consideration of public interest at stake in a clear statement of the facts of the case—for which we extend HMV's representatives as much space as required.*

NEWMAN VS. TOVEY

IN ERNEST NEWMAN'S excellent "Toscanini and Beethoven" the author makes the following comment:

> . . . . one can do little more than follow the example of the Scottish preacher who told his congregation that "now, my brethren, we come to a very deeficult pssage, and having it looked it bowldly in the face we will pass on . . .

It may be interesting to compare the following statement found in Donald Francis Tovey's "A Companion to Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas" (London: The Associated Board of the R.A.M. and the R.C.M. 1931, page 177):

> . . . . when writers refer to the 'cheerful vivacity' of the end of Beethoven's C minor Trio, opus 1, No. 3, or the 'triumphant end' of the C sharp minor quartet, we mere musicians can only treat such criticisms as the young man was advised to treat more serious difficulties in preparing for his profession—we 'look them bowldly in the face and pass on.'

. . . no accusation is intended. Many thanks to Mr. Newman and *SR* for an illuminating article.

FRANKLIN BARUCH.
Cambridge, Massachusetts

PHONOGRAPHIC ADULTHOOD

CHEERS TO *SR* FOR inviting the attention of Ernest Newman to the Toscanini recordings of Beethoven's symphonic canon. It is in such wise that the standards of phonographic criticism can be brought abreast of the musical values it confronts.

JOHN TABOR.
Madison, Wis.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Presumably the Scotch pastor had a congregation of more than one, and it could readily have included both Newman and Tovey.*

ACCENT ON "PHILOSOPHY"

CONCERNING A RECENT comment there is reason why . . . John Gielgud accented the word "philosophy" . . . This is a common Elizabethan idiom . . . and the sneer is against philosophy. The modern misun-

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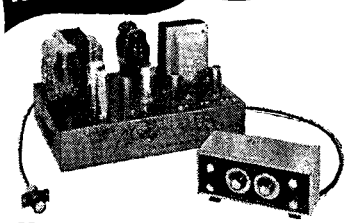

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derstanding that Hamlet is in effect stigmatizing *Horatio's* philosophy as limited is totally wrong: and to avoid this the word "philosophy," not the word "your," must be accented.

E. H. PORTER.

Oxford, England.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The reference is, of course, to the famous passage: "There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."*

A WALK TO WALDEN

YOUR CORRESPONDENT who recently submitted a list of records he'd walk a mile for can make a step or two in the right direction shortly when Walden Records' arrangements to record the Copland "Sonata" as well as the "Piano Variations" and "Passacaglia" are completed. The pianist will be Webster Aitken, and the record will be available in the fall. . . . "Vitebesk–" . . . will [also] be issued by Walden in a collection devoted to Copland's chamber works.

LEON SEIDL.

New York, N. Y.

CONTRA CASALS

MR. CASALS'S LETTER IS . . . one of the most hypocritical statements I have read in a long time . . . I think it is very easy to say he will not play in countries which have friendly relations with Franco, while taking good money from us for his recordings. If Mr. Casals takes politics in his own hands, we should leave his festival and his recordings also in his hands. . . .

ERNEST E. GOTTLIEB.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

OF TIME AND HEINITZ

I CANNOT UNDERSTAND why Mr. Heinitz writing from London in your issue of April 25 should express surprise because record collectors, like other people, should want their money's worth. Why does he presume that one must sacrifice artistic or technical standards under such circumstances? The gentleman should bear in mind that most record collectors are salaried people with a limited amount to spend and with a long list of discs to buy. He is therefore in a position to pick and choose and the laws of supply and demand will inevitably operate. . . . There are many instances of twelve and fourteen minutes to a twelve-inch side. These could have been recorded on a ten-inch disc with room to spare . . . Why shouldn't one purchase Scherchen's . . . or Toscanini's . . . performance of Beethoven's 1st and 9th symphonies on two discs rather than London's on three? . . . Again, why shouldn't one buy on one recording any one of a dozen recordings of Schubert's "great C major symphony" (including Toscanini's, Walter's, Krips', or von Karajan's) rather than the American Decca's on three sides? . . .

PHILIP GLABERMAN.

Albany, New York.

IT IS EASY TO TELL . . . from Thomas Heinitz's . . . strictures in your April 25 issue that gramophone record reviewers do not have to buy *their* records. I was on the verge of writing you to urge that LP reviews be regularly accompanied by a precise indication of the duration of each record side, only to discover that your collaborator frowns severely on this sort of attitude as basely materialistic, irrelevant, and unworthy of a true music lover. . . .

GEORGE RUDYARD.

Ann Arbor, Michigan.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Both readers Glaberman and Rudyard had much more to say in their letters than we could publish in this space . . . which we regret. However, it is a clear fact that the reviewer must evaluate a record primarily in terms of its artistic qualities, which remain constant, rather than its economic advantages or disadvantages which will certainly vary from one buyer to another. All a critic can consciously offer is his own concept of the "best buy" in terms of artistic values, though I am sure Heinitz would object to "cheating" on length as readily as anyone.*

WORDS ON WORDS

MUCH AS I ADMIRE and hold Professor Irwin Edman in esteem, I cannot go along with him in his criticism of "The Sixteen Sonnets of Shakespeare" as recorded by David Allen. I believe that Prof. Edman misses the point, and I for one would call the manner of Mr. Allen's recitation "highly mannered" but actually rather simple. The poems must have caught Prof. Edman in an off mood, because his judgment in *res poetica* is usually very, very good . . .

MERRILL MOORE.

Boston, Mass.

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